

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 5, No. 42

The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors.  
Office—9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c.  
Per Annum (in advance), \$2.

Whole No. 250

## Around Town.

The robins sang in the orchard,  
The buds into blossoms grew,  
Little of trouble or sorrow  
The buds or the blossoms knew.

The news of Whittier's death recalls this little verse to me, for it is one of the first I ever learned and it somehow links the tastes of my earlier days to the sweetly simple songs of the poet who has just passed away. I must confess to not being poetically inclined; verse is less attractive to me than prose, and if I were to quote the simple little rhyming lines over which my memory passes to the first poetry I ever read and appreciated, the next span of the bridge would be:

The day is done, and darkness falls from the wings of night  
As a feather is wafted downward from an eagle in its flight.

Longfellow and Whittier and Bryant and the simpler things of Tennyson and Moore and Byron were the only poems which were possible to a matter of fact appreciation like mine. Really, it is not an appreciation of poetry that makes us like these pretty rhymes, nor is it necessarily any high order of tune; it is merely a love of jingling bells, sweet to the ignorant as the cultured, as natural to every human being as the love of a life and drum band is to a street boy. It has often seemed to me that "real poetry," what is called a "high order of verse," a "grand conception," a "lofty expression," "genius," and all that sort of thing, often involves or is involved by incomprehensible expression. Browning and those poets who have to be approached with a magnifying glass and an encyclopedia and a dictionary, might as well never have written, so far as I am concerned. If what a man thinks is not apparent in what he writes, if I have to hunt around to find out whether I am smart enough to read "real lofty" verse, I simply pass on. I am not spending my days trying to find out whether the man who wrote Mary Had a Little Lamb meant by it that Mary had a grand idea, that the lamb was symbolical and that Mary was a generic term and that the "fleece as white as snow" meant a regenerated and incomprehensibly pure and beautiful something which no somebody had somethinged.

These remarks are introductory to a desire I feel to express my belief that Whittier was a grand enough poet for most of us. He was an honest, lovely-minded man and his verse was sweet and good if it was not grand. Amongst American poets I go to Bryant for grandeur, and I can find it there too.

What the world most cares for in poetry is the heart song. Whittier's poetry would be styled by the ordinary editor "good newspaper verse." It could be put before the general newspaper reader with full confidence that he would read it and like it, and that he would not say that the editor was crazy in giving out half a pound of words with no meaning to the stuff. Who on this continent is there who has read poetry at all or looked at pictures, who has not somewhere come across a picture of Maud Muller, who did certain things on "a summer day" connected with "hay" and a "judge," and that sort of thing? The song has been parodied and recited till it is as common as Barbara Fretche and Curfew Shall not Ring To night. High class critics while admitting that he was a grand and beautiful character, may deny that Whittier was a great poet. Perhaps he was not a poet; if not, we need a new word and may let "poet" go where "lady" has gone since it has become the property of the saleslady and the washlady. I do not think we need to be told what a poet is. I have always shared in the general belief that a poet is a man who writes poetry. I never tried to wear the name myself, but in my newspaper experience I have seen at least twenty thousand who have been anxious to write "poet" after their name and have not been worthy of the title. Everyone who writes doggerel verse is not entitled to the name, yet if I were judge at the poetry fair I would call Whittier a poet, and some of the metaphysical, meteorological, unintelligible verse-twisters who are said to have a "subtle meaning" would be classed as men baying at the moon and keeping people

awake nights wondering what is the matter. A poet must be like every other writer; he must be intelligible; he is great only as his thoughts are great, beautiful, pure. If pretty words and sweet sounds and the rhyming of lovely thoughts leave forever within the mind an echo of the beautiful, surely that author can be called a poet. One of these was John Greenleaf Whittier, and as we think of him we cannot but love him. The world is better that he lived; the English language is softer and gentler that he has written; the human heart has been uplifted and purified by his songs; the orchard and the farmhouse, the fireside and the family have all lent their sweetness to the verses of this simple, good man. That his pen is idle, that we speak of him as belonging to the past are saddening thoughts; that there are no clubs and societies who are likely to organize for the study of his meaning adds nothing to our sorrow that he is gone. The place of the Quaker poet will not soon be filled, and while this generation survives and many others come and go he will be forgotten. Perhaps he may not pass down as one of the classics, but what he has written will find a place so long as life lasts and the human heart applauds the beautiful and good.

Poetry is like music. Classical poetry is as unintelligible as Wagner. Pilgrimages have to

plaud those who write and sing the songs of the heart rather than the distractingly great things which are just a little too great to mean anything to us common people.

I believe in truth, in absolute honesty in those confessions which we are always forced to make to one another in conversation when we begin comparing our likes and dislikes. It is absolutely necessary that we should be true to our ideals always; that we should not affect to despise that which at heart we love, nor to make believe that which intellectually we are incapable of understanding is what we admire. It does not follow that we should cease to pursue in an educational way higher ideals. We may love and understand simple songs while striving to grasp something higher and greater, but at no period of our education can we afford to lie about what we like, either to ourselves or other people.

The presence in London of Mr. Van Horne and other directors of the Canadian Pacific has led to many comments as to whether their mission is or is not the establishment of a fast line of steamers between Canada and the Old Country. In Canada there is a general desire for a good and speedy line from here to an Old Country port. In England there is a general belief that such a line would pay, but unfortun-

and the most important outgoing freight, of American production, after it once enters Canada will have no reason for re-entering the United States. On the other hand, the freight which now comes to Boston and New York addressed to Canada would come to our own seaports and find no necessity of passing through United States territory. I enquired when in London recently as to the proportion of freight which comes to Montreal and New York destined for Ontario. At one large forwarding house I learned that there are some fifty thousand packages which come to this province annually by way of New York, the freight on which averages four or five dollars a parcel. It would be safe to estimate that at least a quarter of a million dollars' worth of freight comes here from Great Britain by New York that would come by a Canadian seaport if the service were better and the freight rates as low. Then think of our European imports—from Italy, Germany, France, Switzerland and other countries. Talk about bonding being a "privilege!" It gives the trunk lines in the United States and the steamship lines running to Boston and New York the "privilege" of carrying our freight and passengers. If we were half as enterprising as we should be, we would consider the bonding "privilege" as belonging to the Yankees, not to us. Surely it is not one of our "privileges" that we enable

Everybody was treated alike and well; the voyage was not long, being only eight days and fifteen hours, though the ship passed through three or four days of storm. Of course such elaborate service and the elegances of the high-priced American lines were not provided, but people must not forget when they pay fifty dollars for a ticket that it is unfair to compare their luxuries with those on ships where passengers pay a hundred and a hundred and fifty dollars for a single trip. The one thing that I believe passengers care for more than anything else at sea is kindness and courtesy from the officers, and it is my experience and the experience of everyone I have heard discuss the subject, that the officials of the Beaver line from the General Manager and the General Passenger Agents down are as courteous and obliging as can be found in any shipping company in the world. I say this not because I owe the company for any favors, but to do them justice and to recommend the patronage to them which they deserve. Notwithstanding this, I am fully convinced that a faster service would bring an increased patronage even though the present passenger rates were doubled. No doubt the Canadian Pacific if it establishes a line will charge more money and give a superior service. Their competition will damage the Allan line more than the Dominion and Beaver lines, for the Allans have the prestige of long years of service and are probably considered by those who have not used any of their boats to be quite a swell concern. The Canadian Pacific people are already convinced by their experience that Canadians are willing to pay a good price for a good service, and if they establish such a service thousands who now go by New York will avail themselves of it.

Of course the northern route has some disadvantages; there is more fog, more ice, more cold than in the more southerly route. But these things obtrude themselves more in a ten days' passage than they will in a five day trip. Even if a fast ship has to stop her engines during a fog, she can make a quick trip and take full advantage of the fair weather. I am afraid that the lines now serving Canada are possessed of the idea that the accommodation they are affording is as good as Canadians will pay for. In this they are wrong, yet it is so prevalent amongst them that it will take a big corporation like the Canada Pacific with the experience which convinces them of the contrary, to prove what I have already alleged, that there are plenty of people in this Dominion—quite sufficient to support a steamship line—who are willing to pay a good price if they get the worth of their money. It is quite as true that there are a great many who cannot afford to pay high prices, and as ocean travel is becoming so much more extensive and the expenses are being reduced, the line or lines which have the chief popularity by means of cheapness and good honest service will continue to do a profitable business.

Some months ago I was talking of a canal policy, and I may be pardoned if I suggest that I anticipated the canal difficulties which have forced our rulers into rather an unpleasant position. The unpleasantness has no doubt been aggravated by the desire of the United States Government to make capital by embarrassing our shipping. As far as I can learn there has been too much talk between the two governments, which has no doubt been misrepresented. Our people encouraged the republicans with the idea that we would back down. They took advantage of this and made us back up. They are probably unaware that when the Canadian back gets up it is pretty hard to get down, and the probability is that next year's Canadian canal policy will be instructive as well as stiff. I am informed that a portion of the St. Clair channel is wholly in Canadian territory and tolls may be charged on vessels passing through it. If so, we can easily recoup ourselves. Beyond the St. Clair passage, of course, it would be impossible to inflict heavy tolls without injuring Montreal shipping. But to do this is in our power, and Canadians need have no fear for the future. We can finish our "Soo"



MAUD MULLER.

be made to Bayreuth that Parsifal, Lohengrin and kindred operas may be properly interpreted. No doubt we should strive to appreciate such things, but as far as I am concerned Jesus, Lover of My Soul, and Annie Laurie are as high types of religious and secular songs as I can fully grasp. I have become sufficiently educated to know that when a man tinkles and roars up and down a piano he is interpreting some emotion in a musical manner, but whether it is cholera or amorosness, jim-jams or a wail to the gods I am undecided until I look at my programme. I have no doubt that classical music is awfully good; if it has a tune to it I like it, but when it begins to andante and arpeggio and tear loose from every notion that I have of sweet sound I can do nothing but look wise and applaud when it is over. I think the hypocrisy which the majority of us exemplify at a classical concert would make Judas weary. Yet I suppose it is very proper that our standard should be high, and there is one good feature about it, that after a thing becomes thoroughly unintelligible we cannot criticize it. I must admit that in music and poetry and prose—and in prose how much poetry there may be—what makes me feel like laughing or crying, that which causes my vagrant memory to find sweet and pretty things amongst echoes of the past and hopes for the future, is to me music, poetry. If a little tune echoes in my ear, carrying with it sweet thoughts, I care not whether it is a tune played on a hand organ or a piece of fugitive verse which has become attached to me from a newspaper, it is sweet and lovely just the same. I think even though our taste may be despised by the critics we can afford to ap-

nately this faith is held mostly by those who have no money to invest in such an enterprise. Capitalists have for these many years been influenced by the Allans, who claim they have as good a line as the route will stand. Of course it has been to the interest of the Allans to have such an impression go abroad, for during its prevalence they are enabled to make money which with proper competition they could never again make. The Dominion and Beaver lines have, in my estimation, been doing more to popularize the Canadian route than the Allan line has done, but I imagine that it has been reserved for the Canadian Pacific Company to lend their great name—already celebrated the world over for enterprise and the greatest possible efforts to make their passengers contented and comfortable—to a fast Canadian line across the Atlantic. They would have many advantages, possessing as they do a transcontinental railway and a line of steamers to Asia. Their name, as I have already suggested, would be a guarantee of comfort and elegance, speed and safety. The Canadian Pacific has sometimes given Toronto the worst of it, but in the settlement of the Esplanade dispute, for instance, we found how much more prompt and generous they were in doing business than the Grand Trunk has always shown itself to be. For many reasons every Canadian should hail with pleasure the prospect of having the C. P. R. entering into the long needed Atlantic service.

I, for one, am thoroughly tired of hearing our neighbors in the republic to the south of us threatening to withdraw our "bonding privilege." All we need is to develop our seaports,

them to earn our money and add to their profits thereby. Of course if the Canadian steamship companies were to combine against the shipper, if they had a monopoly of the carrying trade, it might seem dangerous to abandon this bonding arrangement. But with the ocean freckled with "tramp" steamers ready to run to any port to which they can obtain a profitable cargo, this danger is very slight.

I do not mean to infer from what I have said that the steamship lines connecting Canada with the British Islands, even in their present condition, are unworthy of patronage. Everyone knows that the majority of them are not what they ought to be. The managers of the oldest and what was for many years the most popular line, have acted as if they owned Canada and Canadians should be satisfied with the "privilege" of riding on their steamers. This is the old Grand Trunk act. I had an experience of this sort last year and I made vows never to use a Canadian line again. This fall, however, I crossed on the steamship Lake Ontario, of the Beaver line, and got as good value for my money as I ever got anywhere. She is a ship of between five and six thousand tons, and though she carries cattle from Montreal to Liverpool her return voyage is free from any such encumbrance, and at the time of which I speak she had one hundred and twenty-seven salon passengers, provided them with excellent and well cooked food and as good service as could be expected during the busy season. The ship was clean, the officers more assiduous than any I ever before saw in catering for the comfort and pleasure of the passengers.



canal five years before the United States can make themselves independent of us, and the whole matter is nothing but bluff.

However this may be, the Canadian Pacific can establish a steamship line with its westerly terminus on the easterly border of Cape Breton and with fast ships reach Milford Haven, in Wales, in four days and a very few hours, thus obviating the greater dangers of fog and ice which militate against the northern and in favor of the southern route. A canal policy abandoning the bonding privilege and excluding United States competition would make the Canadian route the favorite export medium for grain, and our Yankee neighbors can take their "privilege" and go to Balahack. We want no privileges that they can force on us, but we need a policy to provide ourselves with proper egress and such a system of shipping as may not injure our imports or increase the price of freight. The whole thing is easy, only our Yankee neighbors imagine we have to tote our stuff through their territory and think they can shut us up and surround us with eternal winter if they refuse to permit us to walk across their grass. It is not so, and I believe the Dominion Government will rise to the occasion as soon as they see a proper and sufficiently speedy service established across the Atlantic. The time for wheat export is within the season of our internal water transports, and altogether we can afford to laugh at the bluff Uncle Sam makes at us. We are the fifth nation in the world for commercial marine—I am speaking of Canada now—and we have sailors and shippers and enterprise, and I hope the great God of nations will so interfere as to force us to live within ourselves in the matter of shipping, and rotting seaweeds will no longer breed discontent along the wharves of our maritime provinces.

How lovely Toronto is with its early autumnal garb, changing its hues into russet and lighter yellow. I have seen more pretty women and pretty dresses in a few days since I came back from my little summer trip than I saw anywhere else. What a bouquet of beauty and bright colors Toronto women and children are! In the older lands where manufacturing, unfortunately for us, is more prosperous than here, the cities are so black and dirty that sombre colors must be worn on the streets or an enormous laundry bill incurred. You cannot see these except in the South in the gay colors of evening, unless you visit the theaters where wealthy people array themselves in wondrous raiment. But democracy of color and beauty is nowhere more apparent than in this city. I watched the theater-going folk come out on Saturday, and on Sunday was astonished by the brilliance of color streaming churchward. It is something to live in a clean city and not to soil gowns or gloves by contact of every object which one may touch or brush against. In Canada the same beautiful complexion is preserved as in England; this is not true of the United States, nor is it true of the British Islands, where none except those reckless of expense can wear white or colors as they can here. No one can know the charm of our street effects unless he or she has had an opportunity of comparing the poverty of raiment and the repression of light and color which mark the cities, towns and even villages, abroad.

I am sorry that the excursion to Italy proposed by Chevalier Gianelli has occurred at a time when the cholera scare is apt to make it difficult for him to fill his list. The price he has set for twenty six days of Italian pleasuring, the route he has mapped out and everything in his programme are above criticism. The pleasure and instruction which Canadians would have received would have been of immense educational advantage. Even at this late moment, if my advice were worth anything it would be not to be afraid of cholera, but to go. It is absurd, this personal panic with regard to an infectious disease. The numbers telegraphed to us of the dead in the most infected districts, after all are but a trifling percentage of the population, and in Italy so far we have heard no rumor of the prevalence of the epidemic. Nothing could be more delightful in my estimation than a tour through Italian scenery and cities in company with a gentleman of so much experience and such intimate knowledge of details as Mr. Gianelli, and I sincerely hope that if his scheme is not successful now he may some other time offer the Canadian public a similar opportunity of passing under such pleasant auspices through the wonders of old Italy.

I think as citizens who are anxious for the preservation of Toronto's reputation from the charge of being full of awful pitfalls beneath and deadly wires above, I think that the newspaper which is chiefly engaged in denouncing the trolley should explain to us what connection our particular variety of electric system has with the casualties which have resulted from the change of local transportation. It was an advocate of the storage battery. Supposing the storage battery instead of the trolley had been running the car on Church street, would the result have been any different when a dazed and frightened woman stood on one of the rails and had her limbs dreadfully mangled? Why does it endeavor to conceal from its readers that all the accidents have been the result of rapid transportation, not of a particular system? Then again occurs the question, are we to refuse to accept a rapid motor because for a few days or weeks it may be dangerous? It would be better, if such is the case, to insist that citizens go afoot, for carriages and carts kill people and the old horse railway used to have its little graveyard. Certainly those who are not anxious to slander Toronto should endeavor to be fair.

I hear that the new rifle range, upon which much money has been expended, is likely to be intersected and ruined for the purpose for which it is being fitted up, by the T. H. & B. Railway. If there is anything in the report that this line which is being granted bonuses and is likely to be built, will ruin our rifle range, the folly of selecting it would be inexcusable,

for our civic authorities were warned. We cannot afford to lose a hundred thousand dollars—and such is the not improbable cost of the change—by getting in range of a railroad. Financially such a thing is quite as deadly as being in range of rifle bullets was found to be on the lake near the old Garrison common. Before anything more is done this prospect should be examined into.

It rather startles orthodox people to find our Unitarian brethren in dispute over a "too advanced" pastor. Orthodoxy had an idea that Unitarianism was the very last resort of heterodox people who did not believe in the Trinity or anything except a Supreme Being. Of course this is not true, but this little disagreement in the Jarvis street congregation makes it evident that the "most progressive," the "farthest advanced," the "most heterodox" have within them conservative and radical elements. It would be useless to argue to those who consider Unitarianism unpardonable, no matter in what degree it may be held, that that denomination has had a great influence in shaping other creeds. It might be equally useless to urge that Unitarians are but degrees extending through a long chain of denominations and containing within themselves many excellent people of divergent views—perhaps of not clearly defined views—who desire a religious home. Begin with the sternest of all creeds, Presbyterianism, and from the beginning to the end one finds a thousand varieties and shades of opinion. Through Anglicanism, through the many denominations which are grouped under the name of orthodox Protestantism, you find the most heterogeneous ideas of God, of the plan of salvation and the future state—of everything concerned in our spiritual future. Then we have many shades of Unitarians, many of them quite as orthodox as some Presbyterians. Then we have our Catholic brethren holding all sorts of ideas as to doctrine and duty. And the Jews are not alike, but differing with one another. Then there are those who disbelieve in all creeds and who wear the name of agnostic, or infidel, or atheist, or theist, or theosophist. I enumerate these simply to show how wonderful is the difference, that I may point the moral by asking each reader to remember how similar individuals are to one another, and how absolutely alike all good people are; how very much alike all bad people are; how objectionable all rude people are; how unneighborly and unbearable all selfish people are; how utterly abhorrent to everything good that there is in us all cruel people are, and how with one accord all people are either religious or superstitious, no matter what they may profess to disbelieve or believe, or how with one accord they practice one thing and avoid another, or how careless they may be in this or that in that. And lastly but not least, in view of the little newspaper paragraph which has caused these reflections, how all sorts and conditions of people, particularly those who are nearest to one another, occasionally fall out, and how even in these little disputes good is not entirely absent from the result.

The Czar and Czarina of Russia have been showing their subjects an excellent example. They have visited the cholera hospitals and have not been afraid to converse with the patients. It cannot be considered surprising if a man who has lived, for to these many years, in danger of poison and assassination of every variety should be unfrightened by the cholera, yet it is always a refreshing thing to see these so-called tyrants so willing to go away and leave all the magnificent surroundings which power gives them. Those who claim a royal line of progenitors, and even the minor nobility frequently distinguish themselves by showing a contempt of fear and death and those things which are so apt to frighten people who have less to lose. It is very likely true that those who seem to have everything the gods can bestow upon them—grandeur, wealth, power—are most likely to realize how trivial a thing life is; how little we have even if we have everything; how little to lose if we die and leave everything. Very often those who cling most tenaciously to life are those who have apparently the least stake in this world—those to whom life is everything, inasmuch as mere animal existence is all there is of it.

Everybody seems delighted that John L. Sullivan has been whipped by an athletic bank clerk. While putting on a back shelf a bully and blackguard, it is pleasant to know that another one equally low is not being brought to the front. Moreover, it is evident the California bank clerks are not all duds, and if Corbett does not degenerate he may do something to "elevate his profession." Don.

#### Maud Muller.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,  
Rode the meadows sweet with hay;  
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.  
He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple tree, to greet the maid,

And ask for a draught from the spring that flowed  
Through the meadows across the road.  
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup.

And blushed as she gave it, looking down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.  
"Thanks," said the Judge. "A sweeter draught  
From a fairer hand I was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass, and the flowers and trees,  
Of the singing birds and humming bees;  
Then talked of the hay, and wondered whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,  
And her graced ankles bare and brown;  
And listened, while a pleasant surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.  
Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!  
This is the Judge's bride might be."

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me as his wine.  
My father should wear a broadcloth coat;  
My brother should sail a painted boat."

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy each day;  
And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,  
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still.  
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet."

"And her modest answer and graceful air,  
Show her wise and good as she is fair.  
Would she were mine and I to-day,  
Like her a harvester of hay."

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs  
And weary law, ere with endless tongues,  
But low of cattle and song of birds,  
And health of quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,  
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.  
So, closing his heart the Judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in court an old love tune  
And the young girl mused beside the well,  
Till the rain on the unranked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion as he for power.  
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go.

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes,  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.  
Oft when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well instead;  
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,  
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,  
"Ah, that I were I see again,  
Free as when I rode that day,  
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
And many children played round her door,  
But care and sorrow and child-birth pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls;  
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned.

And for him who sat by the chimney lug  
Drooping and grumbling over pipe and mug,  
A manly form at her side she saw  
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,  
Saying only "It might have been."  
Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,  
For rich repine and household drudge.

God pity them both and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall,  
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes;  
And in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### Social and Personal.

The opening of the Exposition on Tuesday afternoon attracted a large number of stylish people and was the most delightful afternoon imaginable. The fresh untrodden sod and beautiful floral decorations of the park, the immense and comfortable new grand stand, the beautiful view from which is enough to attract there many a lover of lake and sky and white-winged vessels and fleecy clouds overhead. The air was fresh and not cold, the sun mellow and bright, the natty costumes of the ladies suggestive of recent return from seaside and mountain resorts. The Government House party occupied a little carpeted dais on the grand stand. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a striped black and gray brocade gown with pink gumples and a large yellow leghorn hat with pink roses. She looked, as she always does, a picture of bright and happy interest and amiability. The Lieutenant-Governor was also his usual handsome and kindly self, and was greeted with smiles and applause from the large assembly. I remarked Sir Cassimir and Lady Goswami and party, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hay (Mrs. Hay in a delicate gray cloth gown and feather hat), Mrs. Alfred Cameron and Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. David Walker, Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Beard, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Caswell, Col. Fred, Mr. and Mrs. Denison, Major Cosby, Commander Law, Colonel Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Brough, the Mayor and party. I noticed the veterans, Dr. Scadding, Mr. John Laidlaw, and the well known face of Mr. D. B. Read among the spectators.

Mrs. Alfred Gooderham gave a pink luncheon for Miss Allie McKeough of Chatham last Thursday, which was a very chic and elegant affair.

Mr. J. Castell Hopkins has returned from a trip through Manitoba, the North-West and British Columbia. He is accompanied from the coast by his sister, Mrs. Atkinson.

The Church of St. Peter, on Carlton street, held a very elegant wedding party on Wednesday afternoon, when the marriage of Mr. Wm. McKeough, one of Chatham's rising lawyers, and Miss Mabel Stewart of Hamilton was celebrated. The bridal party was very punctual, and precisely at half-past two Mr. Doward's magic touch on the organ announced the arrival of the bride. Miss Stewart entered leaning on the arm of her brother-in-law, Mr. Beau Jarvis, who gave her away, and preceded and followed by Miss Allie McKeough as maid of honor, and the Misses Mabel Smart and Allen as bridesmaids. The wedding dress was of rich cream-white bengaline, en princesse, with a train, spreading from a fan-shaped pleat between the shoulders in a novel and graceful design. The veil was of tulle, fastened on the train with tiny bouquets of orange blossoms, which orthodox flowers formed a tasteful wreath on the head of the bride. Miss Stewart's bouquet was a loose cluster of white roses. The maid of honor and the bridesmaids wore pink crepon frocks, quaintly fashioned, and carried pink enamel shepherdess crooks wreathed with pink roses and ribbons. Their large leghorn hats were trimmed with pink and cream ribbon bows and French roses. Mr. McKeough was accompanied by his brother, Mr. Frank McKeough, Mr. Cameron of Chatham, and Mr. Arthur Morphy. A number of friends from Hamilton and Chatham were among the guests. After the ceremony the bridal party and guests were driven to the residence of Mrs. Sheriff Jarvis, 285 Jarvis street, where a charming

déjeuner was discussed to sweet strains of orchestral music and many good wishes offered to Mr. and Mrs. McKeough. An elegant array of bridal gifts was much admired, and was unusually beautiful and rare. The bridegroom's present was a fine gold necklace with diamond star. Among the guests I noticed: Judge Moss, Mrs. Moss in a delicate fawn gown and bonnet; Mrs. Smart in a lovely pale blue and black silk costume, with gumples and cuffs of Irish lace, and forget-me-not bonnet; Miss O'Reilly of Hamilton in dove gray and large leghorn hat; Miss Pearl Eige of London in terra cotta brocade silk and shirred crepe hat; Miss Lyons of Chatham in china silk and rose crowned hat; Mrs. Cecil Leigh in cream silk and moss green velvet; Mr. Herbert Mason and the Misses Mason; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gooderham; Miss Gooderham in a very becoming white rainbow-striped silk; Miss Maggie Gooderham in a dainty mauve and white gown; the Venerable Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy; Mrs. Boddy wore pale blue and white brocade, and small bonnet; Miss Thompson cream crepe and large hat; Mrs. Jarvis looked handsome and gracious in a black and white striped silk gown and a charming little bonnet to match. Mrs. Beau Jarvis wore a pretty cream gown. I remarked also a very chic mauve and white costume with a tiny mauve toque, and a pearl gray frock which well became its petite wearer. Mrs. McKeough's going away gown was of shell crepon in a soft café au lait shade, trimmed with black, with a large, black chip hat and lace veil. After the wedding took Mr. and Mrs. McKeough will return to Chatham to reside.

A fashionable and *distingue* wedding took place at St. Helen's church, Brockton, on Thursday morning last, at half-past ten o'clock. The quiet suburb was alive with carriages and brilliant with handsome costumes, whose owners had assembled to do honor to the marriage day of Mr. Lewis Martin Hayes and Miss Margaret Maude Macdonell. The bride was accompanied by four bridesmaids, the Misses Marie Macdonell, Nelles, Robinson and Macdonell. Miss Macdonell's sparkling brunette beauty well became her rich bridal robe of heavy corded silk, veiled in the orthodox tulle and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids wore deep pink frocks of china silk, with puffed sleeves and white Irish lace hats wreathed with pink roses. The groom's attendants were Messrs. Hayes, Claude Macdonell, Parker and Benedict. After the ceremony the guests adjourned to the paternal mansion on Dundas street, where a *recherche* breakfast was served. The veranda and lawn as well as the house were crowded with handsome ladies and attentive gentlemen. Among the pretty gowns I noticed Mrs. Macdonell's navy blue and white, with bonnet to match; Mrs. Lockie's violet cord and velvet, with violet bonnet; Mrs. Aylmer's elegant cream cord, and white lace, flower-crowned hat; Mrs. Greville Harston's white gown and hat wreathed with *marguerites* and deep tulle veil; Miss O'Keefe looked charming in white silk and large leghorn *chapeau*; Miss Frances Smith extremely *chic* in cream and terra cotta, with elegant cream feather boa; Mrs. Lynn wore mauve satin under black lace and a most becoming black and pink bonnet; Mrs. German, a lovely little hat of gray and salmon pink and a gown of gray silk draped with black lace; Mrs. George T. Denison wore mauve and white with yoke and cuffs of Irish lace, and fancy straw hat with lilacs; a stylish gown was worn by Miss Cochrane of Rochester in light blue and white, with a lovely picture hat, edged with tiny blue flowerets; Mrs. James Murray looked very stately in a rich gown and bonnet of mauve and white; Mrs. Wm. Nattress wore dove gray crepon and hat to match; the little daughters of Mr. James Murray and Mr. German were sweetly frocked in *eau de Nile* silk with large hats covered with white feathers; Miss Flossie Taylor of Ottawa wore white silk and apple-green ribbons; Miss Violet Towner looked sweetly pretty in white and gray; Mrs. Randolph Macdonell wore black lace with fawn bonnet and coat; Miss Cross, a smart little scarlet hat with gray feathers, and a gray silk *princesse* corselet frock; Mrs. Colonel Milligan wore black lace over green silk; Mrs. Roblin looked very handsome in black and mauve; Mrs. Sam Macdonell wore green and *vieux rose* silk, and bonnet to match. A few of the other guests were: Mrs. Justice Moss, Mrs. Justice Harrison, Mrs. Lane, Mrs. George Denison, Mrs. Arthur Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Anglin, Miss Fraser, the Misses Milligan, Mrs. Hilton, Miss Stevenson of New Brunswick, Mrs. A. P. MacDonald, Prof. and Mrs. Hirschfelder, Mr. Charles and Miss Hirschfelder, Mrs. W. P. Atkinson, Mrs. Chadwick, Miss Maynard, the Misses Ince, Miss Maud Maclean, Mrs. Bouchette Anderson, Miss Lee of Ottawa and Messrs. Ball, Aylmer, Jack Macdonell, Murray, and Principal and Mrs. Kewring.

The marriage of Rev. James Hodgins and Miss Hettie Hamilton took place last Tuesday evening at Mr. W. B. Hamilton's residence, 202 Jarvis street. A number of old friends of the family were the invited guests, and tendered hearty but regretful congratulations to the young bride, whom they were soon to lose from their circle. Miss Hamilton's wedding gown was of white china crepe and brocade, en *princesse*, with tulle veil and orange flowers; she carried a bouquet of roses. Her bridesmaid, Miss Luri Hamilton, wore a very chic gown of primrose silk seersucker, a very dainty new

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

## PARIS KID GLOVE STORE



We have opened our dressmaking rooms, and are prepared to complete orders on the shortest possible notice.

New dress materials and trimmings, suitable for fall costumes.

WM. STITT & CO.

## DINNER SETS



PANTECHNETHECA

Cor. Adelaide and Yonge Streets

## THE JEWELLIS & LTD.

We have this week received novelties in English and American Sterling Silverware; also full lines in Ladies and Gent's Gold and Silver Watches, which we are enabled to offer at prices lower than any other house in the trade.

3 EAST KING ST. COR. OF YONGE.

## CUNARD LINE

Sailing Every Saturday from New York  
UNSURPASSED FOR  
Safety, Civility and Comfort  
W. A. GEDDES, AGENT  
89 Yonge Street, Toronto

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Bermuda, Florida, Nassau, Cuba, Mexico, Jamaica, Barbados, West Indies, Azores, Riviera, Egypt, Palestine, Etc.  
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PHOTOGRAPHER  
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REAR DOOR WEST OF QUEEN ST. AVENUE  
SUCCESSOR to late NOTMAN & FRASER.

WE INVITE INSPECTION OF OUR NEW STOCK OF

Cutlery Cabinets =  
Banquet and Piano Lamps  
5 O'Clock Tea Sets and Onyx Tables  
SUITABLE FOR WEDDING PRESENTS

RICE LEWIS & SON  
King Street East (LIMITED) TORONTO



## For Use and Ornament.



SOME beautiful hats for autumn and early winter wear are shown at the leading modistes. Fresh from its Parisian place de naissance is a grand felt hat of a pale tan shade, which is trimmed with an enormous bow of velvet arranged to lie against the narrow little crown and spread over the wide brim in two *choux* rosettes. Just directly in front is a large and sharp-toothed buckle of jet and gold, and where the wide brim narrows and turns up behind are a couple of much curled ostrich feathers, long and narrow, and pointing rather stiffly toward the front. I liked, better than this pattern hat, a copy which a clever milliner had made of it. The copy was in pale terra-cotta felt with a changeable velvet bow, large and rosetted, of green and maroon shades, a gold buckle, and in the back a light aigrette of iridescent green and black feather pompons. The inside of the wide brim had an inch-wide band of cream white felt laid on, which gave a very novel and attractive effect. A hat in lighter material, but of extremely good effect, was of rich black silk lace over a shirred net foundation. A peculiar little headpiece of salmon velvet made a sort of frontlet under the brim, and one of those giant bows of the same rich velvet nestled under the flounces of lace which formed the hat. The brim was ample and of the pretty style which becomingly frames even a homely face. A marvelous hat, large and daring, with a pearl-colored velvet crown and a wide wavy felt brim, was piled high with delicate gray ostrich tips, soft and curling. In choosing these conspicuous hats, one prime rule should govern. Let the dress be rich and plain. A handsome black lace and silk for the lace hat, and a pearl-gray gown not exactly tailor-made, but combining the raw edged seams and the flat stitchings with some bodice drapery to add richness and grace, for the mammoth feather hat.

Tailor-made gowns have their time and place, but it is not at the elegant reception or stylish tea, the *matinee musicale* or the promenade concert. For these occasions severity should be toned down and some cunning puffing, shirring or frilling of surah, velvet, or other rich material be introduced with the smooth-faced cloth—elegant and fit. When the tailor-made girl stalks into the rose-hued light of the really "tony" and aristocratic afternoon tea she is a jarring discord, be she never so lovely! Lace and velvet, silks and satins look refined and a *la mode*, whereas she looks severe and repellent, like a spiky cactus in a bed of pearly-gemiums. Besides, she destroys the essence of luxurious *dolce far niente* of feminine prettiness and cosiness, and the subtle charm which lurks in the presence of the unalterably womanly woman.

A prize was given lately at a woman's exhibition for the best designed bicycle suit for ladies' wear. Here is the prize conception. A gored front and pleated back skirt of blue serge reaching to the ankles, lined with blue linen and wadded to the knees with one layer of cotton wadding, held in place by four rows of military braid in graduated widths. The skirt was opened and fastened on either side of the front gore, with buttons and buttonholes. The pleats were turned *vis-a-vis* at the back, where a small space was left plain; the bodice was a double-breasted postillion basque, and two stout hooks on the skirt band were hooked to the side back bodice seams at the waist line to keep basque and skirt in position. Alternating with this bodice was a blue and white polka dot silk shirt and a small blue serge blazer. The hat was in the English walking hat pattern, with black corded ribbon band, flat bow and five blue quills. It was claimed for this skirt that it combined style, safety and grace on the wheel. The wadding made it too solid to catch in the spokes, and with the braid gave it weight enough to hang correctly even in a smart wind. The ankle length is insisted upon, and also the side front openings; pockets are eschewed and the *mouchoir* is thrust between the buttons of the double-breasted bodice or under the belt of the surah shirt. The plain space at the back of the skirt is the point where the saddle should rest as the rider mounts, and thus ensure an even and graceful fall of the skirt. Low shoes and gaiters are preferred to buttoned boots, and gauntlet gloves are voted more graceful than plain ones.

A pretty fancy is silver filigree jewelry. I have seen some lovely little necklets, brooches and armlets of this style in a design of marguerites with gold centers. Charming little *bon bon* boxes of silver filigree are dainty presents for luxurious ladies. Quaint vinaigrettes and perfume sachets are also taking novelties in this line. A very pretty and elegant girl wore lately at the *matinee* a dress of cream surah, with gold silk under frills, cream gloves, a little chip hat with yellow ribbon bows, and a set of filigree daisies on her neck and arms. Some of our jewelers have brought out those silver beetles and butterflies, in filigree, poised on spirals of silver wire, which used to look so pretty when madame was *coiffee* for evening dance or reception or opera a decade ago, and which seemed rather to hover over than rest upon her shining hair or bouffant shoulder knots.

Do you want to know how to get four dresses out of two and a half and have them all available, each without unmaking the other? If so, read the following: "Choose your color—any green. Have a pale Nile green evening gown, the skirt with quite a train to it and made bell fashion. The waist will be as you like, so long as it is distinctly an evening waist, short sleeves, low neck, and so on. This is dress No. 1. Now a dark green cloth gown, plain bell skirt, plain tailor bodice is dress No. 2. The half dress is a long-tailed silk coat. The silk is heavy and striped, a cream broadcated stripe, for instance, and a pale green stripe. The coat is cut Beau Brummel style in front, and may be worn open

at the neck or with a stock. A plain high collar, instead of stock, is unbecoming. The coat tails are lined with dark green silk, about the shade of your green cloth suit; the collar and cuffs are of dark green velvet; the Beau Brummel waistcoat—the waistcoat that shows in front below the coat line as well as above—is of dark green silk, well covered with ruffles of heavy lace. This stock is finished with lace. The sleeves have deep ruffles. The sleeve itself is a loose puff that may be either pulled down to below the elbow or pushed up so that the flaring cuff is just below the shoulder. This coat, worn without the stock and with the neck open to the point the coat collars make, and with the sleeves pushed up, the arms covered with long gloves, goes over the light green silk skirt, and makes a very handsome reception or evening or dinner dress. Worn with stock or collar, with sleeves drawn down to meet elbow gloves, with suitable hat, and over the green cloth skirt, it makes the fourth gown, and one suitable for theater, carriage, or races. Of course, to get this rig out all at once would cost a good deal, but if you keep the idea in mind you can build it up on whatever you have, getting the new things only as occasion calls for a new combination. It will certainly cost you less to get a coat to go with your evening dress skirt, than to get a new reception dress out and out. Then when you come to get a new street dress, you might as well make it a color and material that will go, as I have suggested, with this same coat. And there you are with your four dresses out of two and a half. Economic and tasteful dressing is only the result of a genius for combinations.

LA MODE.  
Thanks for information are due to Messrs. Stitt & Co., and to Ryrie Bros.

## September.

For Saturday Night.

The summer breeze playing among the autumn leaves. All nature seems more gay, and Flora garlands weaves. The peach with glowing cheek, crimsoning in the sun. And golden pippins meek, Eve's work has just begun. The fruit she gathers in a basket by her stand. Adam helps—her smile to win, that smile a price demands. The dahlia's dazzling head rivals the sun's grand; September takes the lead, gorgeous-hued her wand. The aster's modest bloom and clust'ring mignonette. With delicate perfume, by far the sweetest yet. Creamy blooming to a rose, and amaryllis rare. The flaming gladiolus grows, a flower without compare. September, we crown thee loveliest month of all! The ripen'd fruit we see heralds the Master's call.

ELIOT & A. SKIMMING.

## A Dog-Day Danger.

The Janitor—Hey! Git down into the house as quick as you can.  
Mrs. Washington—What is the matter?  
The Janitor—There's a mad dog on the street.  
Mrs. Washington—But it can't get at me up here, can it?  
The Janitor—No; but the policeman is getting ready to shoot at it.

## Every-Day Life.

Mrs. D'Avno (at front window)—Officer! Policeman—Yes, ma'am. What's wrong, ma'am?  
Mrs. D'Avno—Nothing's wrong; but I wish you'd step into the kitchen and tell the cook not to burn the meat, as she did last night. I'm afraid to.

## Seaside.

He—Many engagements here this summer?  
She—Not so many new ones, but there are lots of renewals of last year's.

## A Measure of Social Standing.

Mr. O'Maha—I'm told that Miss Broadsole belongs to an old Chicago family; that her grandfather was one of the earliest pork packers in the city.  
Miss Forkington—An old family! Why, Mr. O'Maha; my grandpa packed pork right here in Chicago before hers ever saw a hog.

## Superstitious.

"You didn't succeed very well with the young heiress?"  
"No; she was superstitious."  
"What was the cause?"  
"She said she had twelve engagements on hand, and feared that the thirteenth might be unlucky."

Another shipment just arrived. Just the kind for the house. Varied assortment. Call and inspect them. CHOICE ROSES and other Seasonable Flowers always on hand. Wedding Bouquets, House and Church Decorations our specialty.

S. TIDY & SON - 164 Yonge Street  
Conservatory (475 Ontario St.) Tel. 3037  
Store Tel. 2089  
N. B.—Funeral designs on short notice.

SUPPOSE YOU TRY A KEG? Ale and Porter delivered to any address—\$1.50 a Keg. It's better than drugs.  
SPADINA BREWERY  
KENNINGTON AVE. TEL. 1203

R. M. MELVILLE  
Toronto General Steamship Agency  
28 ADELAIDE STREET EAST  
For Steamship Tickets to All Parts of the World at Lowest Rates

## Have You Noticed

That several young ladies who formerly had red, pimpled and freckled skins now are everywhere admired for their soft babylike complexions.

WE WILL TELL YOU THE SECRET

They all use Mrs. Gervase Graham's delightful Toilet Preparations, and many of them take regular treatments for their complexion at Mrs. Graham's.  
Be sure to call at Mrs. Graham's, 145 1/2 Yonge Street, for removal of all facial blemishes and for massage for the body, and German baths if you are thin or nervous.



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

NEW openings of British goods include choice lines in English prints. As you look for light grounds for summer wear, so you expect dark grounds for the dull days of the fall. New patterns in prints are very pretty. A tasty flowered design on a dark ground is something new that has caught our fancy. We think you'll admire it just as much.

Just as well to repeat it that an English print is a wide print and all are warranted washable.

Fall house cleaning is near enough to make you think of goods like cretonnes. We've opened a lot of new designs this week.

Now that the shopping season is well on the advantage of our mail order system is appreciated by shoppers.

R. SIMPSON  
S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen  
Entrance Yonge Street.  
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

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For Cheap, Choice and Useful Jackets and Capes

One of the finest stocks of Mantles in the Dominion, and at prices to astonish the very closest buyers.

A Pleasure to Show Our New Goods  
212 YONGE STREET

## CAUTION

Beware of imitations of

BABY'S OWN SOAP

The only genuine has the ALBERT TOILET SOAP Co.'s name on the wrapper on each cake.

## NEW YORK GOODS

LADIES' OVERGAITERS

IN Gray, Fawn, Tan, Seal Brown, Navy Blue and Black.

Prices range from \$1.00 to \$1.75

79 King Street East

ROYAL CROWN TABLE WATER  
Gode-berger.  
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

The Court Circular, London, July 2, '02

To those who study sanitary science, and we are glad to say there are thousands upon thousands who now do so, at any rate in an elementary form, the drinking of pure water is one of the first necessities of health. Many of the leading physicians have lately descended strongly upon the subject in consequence of the impossibility of drinking ordinary London water, and they very rightly insist that a perfect table water must be free from organic matter. We have lately had brought to our notice the natural mineral water supplied to Her Majesty known as "Gode-berger," which in every respect fulfills the required conditions. The testimony of the highest analytical authorities is overwhelming, not only as to its purity, but as to its positive superiority over other table waters. Professor Wanklyn and Professor Redwood are alike agreed on this subject, and the *Lancet* is equally strong as to "Gode-berger," being entirely free from organic matter. We have personally tested its merits, and can aver, that in addition to its absolute purity, it is the most palatable and pleasant table water of the many on the market, and in our opinion it is no equal. One of the strongest points in its favor is that it is a natural water which is bottled as it flows from the spring near the old castle of Gode-berger, opposite the wren mountains of the Rhine. It must also be self-evident that a water which is recommended by Her Majesty's medical advisers must surely be good enough for her subjects.

## AMERICAN FAIR

191 and 334 Yonge St.  
TORONTO

In our August Clearing Sale all goods are marked to capture those who buy a good thing when they see it.

Webster's Great Dictionary, \$1.25. Well bound books, all good authors, 10c; best of the bound, 15c. Paper cover books, all good authors, 7c, regular price 25c. Dore's Bible Gallery and other works, 95c. These last are Cassell's best edition.

Shawl straps in great variety, 10c., reduced from 25c. We will close a large consignment of beautiful Albums at less than cost of importation, and not one-half of usual cost. See them.

Boys' Safety Bicycles, \$5, were \$13, and with rubber tire \$8, were \$16. Boys' High Wheel, \$3 50, were \$7 50. Baby Carriages, \$5 50, were \$10. Hammocks, 50 per cent. of real value.

Handsome Croquet Sets, 64c., worth \$1 25; Toilet Paper, full 1000 sheet package, 30c., 50c., 100c.

An Immense Display of Agate Ironware Teapots, 50c., worth \$1 25; Preserving Kettles at half price; best Crown and Gem Preserving Jars, pints, 88c.; quarts, 98c.; 2 quarts, \$1 24.

Closing out a lot of beautiful Window Blinds, complete, 40c., worth \$1 25. Purses, new designs and best French goods, at less than half usual price.

Store closes at 6 30 p.m., except Saturday evening, open until 10 30 p.m. Come and see.

W. H. BENTLEY

Fashionable  
Milliner

MISS PAYNTER  
3 King St. East  
FIRST FLOOR  
Ascend by Elevator



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The Famous Chiropodist and Manicure  
Has again established himself on King Street. Those troubled with Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails should call and see the professor at  
49 King Street West, Room 7

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Invitations  
Good  
38 Adelaide St. West  
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Who are in want of Hair Goods, be it for Fashion, Style, Convenience, Protection, or Necessity, are invited to inspect our stock of styles at OUR PREMISES, which is the most perfect and largest ESTABLISHMENT of its kind on the American Continent. No exaggeration. See and be convinced. Best quality of hair and finish. Style and reasonable prices are recognized by every customer.

LADIES' Toupees, Wigs, All ready-made or made to order. Head Coverings on short notice to order. Bandoaux, Bandeaux, guaranteed for our hair goods. Etc.

Large and Fine Assorted Stock of Fashionable Hair Ornaments

TOILET ARTICLES

For the complexion, famous French preparations for bleaching face, arms, etc., Positive Wrinkle Removers, Cold Creams and Lotions. CAPILLERINE, for destroying superfluous hair.

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Will Find Much to Interest Them at

M'PHERSON'S

The Headquarters for Shoe Novelties in Toronto

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186 YONGE STREET

## Complexion Treatment

The opening of the Massage Parlors at Dorenwend's has been well received by the ladies of Toronto, and already a large business has been done. Not only is the complexion made beautiful, but headache and neuralgia are removed.

Appointments should be made at once—personally or by Telephone 1681.

Dorenwend's  
103 and 105 YONGE ST., TORONTO

## Standard Dress Bones

"UNEQUALLED"  
IS THE VERDICT

OR  
All Those Who Have Used the

STANDARD DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior saten. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them

They are the Best

SOLD BY

All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

## IZODS

Are the Best

Prepared by a New and Special Scientific Process

Medical opinion recommends them for THE HEALTH. Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for COMFORT, STYLE, AND DURABILITY. SOLE IN CANADA BY THE WORLD. Name and Trade Mark, Anchor, on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of Drawings.

E. IZOD & SON.

30, Milk St., London, Manufacture: LANDPORT, HANTS.

## DRESSMAKING

Evening Dresses and Riding Habits

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Cutting and Fitting Dresses and Mantles

Dressmakers' Magic Scale for Sale

With lessons or without.

Order Corsets to Measure

In any style. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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256, YONGE STREET  
Just south of Trinity Square.

## CLEARING SALE

During the months of July and August MISS HOLLAND will be prepared to offer the balance of her Fine Millinery Stock, together with Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, &c., at an undercost for cash.

MISS DUFFY'S Mantles, Wraps, Jackets, &c., are also reduced to half price, and ladies desiring travelling or boating garments should take this opportunity of replenishing their wardrobe at low cost.

112 Yonge Street, West Side

Two Doors South of Adelaide

## LADIES

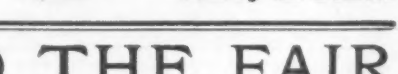
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BARBOUR'S

LINEN THREADS

The Best for All Purposes

Sold by All Dealers









## Too Late.

A strong breeze, sharp with the cold suggestion of coming winter, swept up from the bay and tossed the creaking boughs of the old trees that stood along the roadside until they labored in the wind like ships at sea. The last of the fog was just disappearing, and curled fleetly up from the woods and waters, rolling away in great sullen masses.

In the north a long line of snow clouds was sluggishly moving forward. There was something peculiar—almost sinister—in their slow, heavy formation, and the weather-wise fisherman of shore watched them uneasily, and began to draw in tackle and make preparations to seek harbor.

On the land the farmers shook their heads and hastened to get the last of the pumpkins and apples and cover. Of their own accord the cattle left off grazing and sought the barn yards. Now and then stragglers from some frightened flock of wild geese flew toward the south in anxious search of their mates.

Near the end of the one street of the little fishing hamlet stood a weather-beaten wood-colored, homestead of one story and a loft, surrounded by a fence almost as old as the house itself; but as one passed through the gateway and up the grass-grown walk into the smoke-painted kitchen, the poverty of the outside surroundings was forgotten in contemplation of the profusion inside.

At least this seemed to be the case with the old woman who hobbled painfully up the path to the half open kitchen door. There she stopped irresolutely; but the savory smell of cooking was irresistible, and she pressed slowly forward into the low doorway. The kitchen was fragrant with the odors of the Saturday's baking; from the stove at the far end of the long room came a cheerful hissing and spluttering, and over it a woman bent in impatient suspense.

Her back was toward the door and she did not notice the great, hungry eyes that were fastened on the loaves of bread and the pies and cakes and cookies that loaded the pine table.

Such profusion made the wistful eyes gleam and the withered face brighten with greed.

But she did not venture to cross the threshold. On the floor two children were playing. They had watched the woman's approaching with childish curiosity. The youngest rose to his feet and toddled toward her. After gazing at her a few moments with his big, wondering eyes, he held up the cake that he had been nibbling. She hesitated, then took it and ate greedily.

The boy laughed and went to get another. But at this moment Mrs. Barten looked up. Her face was flushed with heat and vexation; she was about to speak sharply to the children, when she caught sight of the bent figure in the doorway and her wrath was turned.

Of all things she hated beggars the most. During the summer months many of them drifted up from the neighboring seaports and proved a constant source of loss and vexation to the fishermen and farmers.

Mrs. Barten had suffered with the rest, and as she turned from the stove her lip were drawn sharply over her strong white teeth. She did not see the wistful eyes and patient smile.

What she saw was a cowering beggar, with some outlandish kind of head covering and a ragged shawl closely drawn about the slight form.

"Well?" she said, in a sharp, interrogative tone.

The old woman shivered as though something had struck her, but her face remained perfectly blank.

"A furriner,"

Mrs. Barten sprang forward and drew the children from so dangerous a presence. To her a foreigner seemed all that was dangerous and depraved.

A sudden spatter recalled her to the stove, and by the time she was again at leisure a trace of her naturally kindly disposition had come to the surface.

Taking a generous handful of biscuits and one of the loaves of bread, she returned to the door. But the old woman had already passed the rickety gate and was hobbling slowly down the street. Mrs. Barten looked after her regretfully.

"I wish I'd given her uthin'," she muttered as she replaced the food on the table; "but sakes alive! she continued bristly, after a moment's thought, "why sh'd I feel sorry? Like as not the old tramp was jest spying round arter uthin' to steal. Most likely she'll have a doz'n snacks gin her before night. Here, you B'bb'n Liza, come back to the house this minute and don't you trapesin' out again!"

And with mind at rest and conscience satisfied, Mrs. Barten returned to her compounds of fragrant odors.

Slowly the afternoon wore away, the pies and cakes and cookies disappeared from the table and were replaced by paw of crisp doughnuts and heavy, spherical loaves of brown bread, with raisin lines encircling them; with plates of juicy meats, browned to the critical point of perfection, and flanked with dishes of yellow pumpkin and white turnip and scarlet cranberry. As the table became crowded these in turn were taken to the storeroom to wait the coming of the "great day." And still the tired and flushed mistress of the kitchen went on with mixing and tasting and baking.

The low, sullen line of clouds became more menacing, and crept on until they had masked the entire sky. The wind grew strong, and was soon filled with the fine particles of swirling snow. But Mrs. Barten heeded not, time was too precious.

"It's growing dark," she grumbled, as she elid more pans into the oven. "Days are peaky short this time o' year."

It was only when a fierce gust of wind hurled a cloud of snow against the window that she looked up.

"For heaven's sake!" she exclaimed. "It's snowing, 'n I'll lay my life them dratted children's out in it!"

Hurrying to the door she called shrilly: "Bob! Liza! March your boots in here quicker 'n lightning!"

Receiving no reply, she muttered angrily: "Upstairs, rummagin' most likely. Sems with all my work they might quit their play for a while."

But when a sharp call up the stairs failed to elicit a response, she began to look anxious. Throwing a shawl over her head, she went into the yard. The snow was now whirling past in blinding sheets, and the keen wind cut one like a knife. Already white drifts were forming in the fence corners and sheltered places. Objects a dozen yards away were becoming indistinct.

A thorough search of the yard failed to show any trace of the children, and she returned to the house to decide on her next move. She could not determine the direction the children had taken, and once out of sight of the house, she knew was little probability of their finding their way back by themselves. There was no danger of their being lost, unless they wandered away from the village; but Liza had scarcely recovered from the measles, and she had all a mother's horror of wet feet and colds.

A smell of burning bread drew her attention to the stove. When she returned to the door she saw a bent figure coming up the path. A moment later and the old woman stood before her, but now the ragged shawl was closely wrapped around one child, while another clung to her skirts sobbing bitterly. The stranger's face was full of a wistful tenderness, but Mrs. Barten did not see it. Assured of the children's safety, her feelings underwent a quick change. Her child in the arms of a dreaded "furriner!" In a moment she had hurried the little ones to the fire and was removing their outer garments. What contamination and disease might not lurk in the ragged shawl and dragged skirt!

She was aroused from her reflections by the entrance of her husband.

"More wet feet, eh?" he said, as he drew a chair to the stove.

Allers wet feet when there's anything to 'wet 'em in," she returned. Then, after a moment, she added: "You go tell the old woman she can come in to the fire. Beggars an' young 'uns are enough to make folks lose their wits."

"I passed an old woman outside the gate," he said, as he took his pipe from the shelf and began to fill it. "If it's her you mean she's half way down the street before this."

"Then I'm shet o' that trial," she said in a relieved tone. "Some of the neighbors will be sure 'n take her in."

All night long and the next day and night the snow whirled and drifted about the village. Then the sun came out and the men and boys took their teams and shovels and began to dig communications between the houses. As the paths became clear, one neighbor after another sallied forth to gossip over the events of the storm.

At length some one mentioned the old beggar woman, and then it was learned that no one knew of her whereabouts. Nearly all had seen her, and most of them confessed that they had sent her away with a "flea in her bonnet."

One man thought she went toward the Freeman house. This was a deserted building just outside the village. Without hesitation the men took their shovels and began to dig vigorously in that direction. And Mrs. Barten worked with the foremost.

"Lucky there's a fireplace and plenty of fuel in the old house," said one. "The old lady can keep warm; but I guess she'll be mighty hungry."

When they reached the house there was no sign of its being occupied.

"She ain't here," said the old man who had spoken before, as he threw open the door.

But he was mistaken; they found her inside. She was dead.—From Drake's Magazine.

## Getting an Education.

Experience, experience,  
My teacher very dear  
Send in your bill for one more term—  
I have the money here.  
There are cheaper lessons advertised  
By teachers not a few;  
But there's never any money's worth  
Like what I get from you.

## A Dead-Letter Office.

Cousin Ruth was playing waltzes for the young people. Near her stood John Graham, one of her old beaux. He had lately come home after an absence of twenty years.

John was looking at Ruth with apparent concern, counting the lines that began to mark her pale face and noting the streaks of gray that ran through her hair. It had been so dark and thick the last time he had seen it! Then he gazed thoughtfully at the merry young dancers, and at last, feeling that he ought to say something, asked:

"Who is that graceful, yellow-haired girl?"

"That is Grace Deering, Cousin Tom's daughter," Ruth replied. Her hearer exclaimed wonderingly:

"Tom Deering's daughter! I remember him so well!" After a pause he added: "I thought you and he would have been married long ago."

Cousin Ruth smiled, shook her head, and played on without speaking.

"The last time I saw you," said John, musingly, "you were waltzing with Tom himself—do you remember?"

Did she recall it? Twenty years had passed since young Jack Graham had bidden her a cold and brief farewell, and she, amazed and awe-struck by his manner, had merely said, "Good-bye," and let him go. Yet the memory of that night had never left her.

"I wonder why Ruth is playing that old-fashioned waltz," said the elders of the party to each other, and John Graham listened spell-bound to the well remembered strain.

"Ah," he said suddenly, "the tune recalls the past. I sent you a bunch of violets that very night, and hoped that you would wear them. O Ruth, what a heartless flirt you were!"

Old as John had grown, his eyes wore a familiar expression as they met hers.

As soon as the young people had tired of dancing, Cousin Ruth went up to her room and locked herself in, giving way to strange emotions. From the lowest depths of her trunk she took an old brass-bound box that had not been disturbed for twenty years. Unlocking it, she hastily raised the lid. Instead of the fresh, sweet violets she had left in it, there were a few crisp, shapeless and withered petals, beneath which for the first time she discovered a bit of paper, on which were these words:

"Once for all, Ruth, is it yes or no? If yes, wear these violets at the ball to-night. If go away to-morrow; and if it is no, I shall not return."  
J. G.

For a few moments Ruth stood motionless. Clapping the little missive she went down stairs. One of her nephews passing her in the hallway, thought how pretty she must have been when she was a girl. Her face was aglow with an unusual beauty. She went into the sitting-room, where John Graham sat alone. He was gazing moodily into the embers of the fire. Ruth approached, and, putting the piece of yellow paper gently into his hand, said calmly:

"I never saw it until this instant."

He looked at her in mute astonishment as she was about to turn away.

"Would you have worn my flowers had you found the note?" he asked hurriedly. "Ah, Ruth, is it now too late?"

The merry voices in the next room drowned her answer to all but John Graham; he alone heard it.—Short Stories.

## Did Him no Good.

Hilow—These railway excursion rates for the holidays make me sad, Glim.

Glim—Why? Can't you spare the time to take advantage of them?

"Yes, I could spare the time; but they don't benefit me at all."

"Because I have passes on all roads."

## Always Ahead.

Mr. Bleeker—I see, Mr. Livewayte, that so far the World's Fair people have managed to get the biggest deficit ever known in a great exposition at the present state of the work.

Mr. Livewayte (of Chicago, proudly)—Chicago always has the biggest of everything, sir.

## A Thoughtful Child.

Lady—You said you had two cats.

Little Girl—Yes'm; a white one and a black one.

Lady—You have only brought me the black one.

Little Girl—Yes. They is both sheddin' their coats awful, an I brought the black one, 'cause your dress is black.

## Of the World.

"Jack thinks I am in love with him."

"What makes him think so?"

"Just because I am going to marry him."

## In a Hurry.

Hotel Waiter—Shall I take your order now, Missy, or will you wait till your mamma comes in?

Little Girl—I wish you'd take it now. Mamma never orders anysing 'cept w'at's good for me.

## Completely Changed.

"Well, how 's things in Boomville? Everything was at a stand-still when I was there last."

"It's exactly the reverse, now."

"Yes?"

"Yes; everything is runnin' down hill."

## Biblical Interpretation of To-day.

Self-constituted Mentor—Did you remember the case of Sapphira, when you told those gentlemen that your papa didn't like you to have a chaplain, and would let you have company as late as you pleased?

The Object of Solitude—Yes; perfectly.

She was the lady who had four young men to take her home from church, wasn't she?

## A General Rain.

Gowit—What, you broke, Broily! I thought you had a snug sum in the bank for a rainy day!

Broily—So I had; but it rained on the bank.

## Too Bad.

"Say, Josh, what makes yer mustache grow so long?"

Josh—Oh, I shook some hair- tonic on a sandwich instead of Worcester sauce.

## Refined Speech.

"Oh, what a lovely statuette!" exclaimed Mrs. Hojack, admiring one of the ornaments of Mrs. Crewe-Doyle's parlor.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Crewe-Doyle, much gratified by the caller's admiration; "that is as pretty a little bust as I could find."

## A Grave Omission.

Naval Officer—I'm afraid I shall be severely court-martialed for running into that scow.

Assistant—You've a good defence. There isn't any scow marked on the chart.

## Scriptural Proof.

Miss Fypp—I don't believe that matches are made in heaven.

Hunker—Why don't you?

Miss Fypp—Because the bible says there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage there.

## His First Sight of a Flounder.

Father, why does that man sit down on all the fish he catches and mash them so flat?

## Found Wanting.

Found Wanting.

Found Wanting.

Found Wanting.

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## Ayer's Hair Vigor

Is the most elegant and popular hair-dressing in the market. It quickens into renewed activity the hair-roots and thus restores to the hair all that has been lost by sickness, old age, or neglect. It imparts to the hair a silken texture, keeps the scalp clean, and cures itching and troublesome humors. When the hair becomes thin, faded, or gray, the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor brings out a new growth of the original color, fullness, and beauty. It is positively without equal.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty-five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

"My hair began turning gray and falling out when I was about 25 years of age. I have lately been using Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it is causing a new growth of hair of the natural color. It is a wonderful dressing, and has been of great benefit to my wife in removing dandruff, with which she was very much troubled. She considers it indispensable to her toilet."—R. J. Lowry, Jones Prairie, Milan Co., Texas.

"This is to certify that for many years I have had an itching of the scalp, and my hair had nearly all fallen off. I was induced by Dr. T. J. Gossett to try Ayer's Hair Vigor. By so doing, the itching was entirely cured and the hair grew out on the top of my head, where it was bald."—J. W. Harp, Deputy P. M., Mullinville, Kans.

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere

## A Road Agent who Got Left.

There were seven of us in the stage out at Austin, Nev., and after we got started we counted up our cash and found we had exactly seventy cents in the crowd. We were a dead broke gang, and bound for Eureka. Not a man had a bundle or a gun even. Everything we could rake and scrape had been put up at Austin to buy our passage in the stage. The seventy cents was tossed into a common purse and redvided, so that each one had a capital of ten cents to start on in the other town. The driver had just replied that it was two o'clock in the afternoon, and most of us were asleep, when a fellow jumped into the road a few yards ahead of the leaders and ordered the stage to halt. As he had a double-barrelled shot gun and seemed to be full of business the driver pulled up. Then the stranger, who was a little man of great energy, came along to the right-hand door and called out in a brisk and chirky way:

"Now, then, twenty minutes for refreshments, and every man throw up his hands as he steps down!"

We climbed down, every man with a grin on his face, and as we ranged up in line, hands up, the old chap on the left, who had put two cents into the purse and drawn out ten, began to laugh.

"What in blazes ails this crowd?" demanded the road agent as he looked at us in a puzzled way. "Now, then, step one pace to the front and deposit your guns."

No one stopped. There wasn't even a cart-ridge to deposit.

"Do you mean to say you haven't any?" shouted the little man. "Then each man step out and deposit his bundle."

We began on the left, and each stepped out and laid down ten cents. The man stood there with his shotgun at a "ready" and his finger on the trigger, but yet the absurdity of the situation struck the old chap so forcibly that he lay right down and roared until he choked. His mirth was infectious, and the other six laughed into the muzzles of the gun, while the driver cackled like an old hen.

"Do you mean to say that this is your pile?" finally demanded the agent.

"Yes—oh, yes!" shouted the old man as he wiped the tears from his eyes. "That's every blamed cent the seven of us kin raise, and you 'fraid!"

"I'm fooled, eh?" finished the agent. He searched every man in rotation, made an inspection of the coach, and then leaned up against a wheel of the vehicle with a reproachful expression on his face and said:

"Boys, it's a damned mean trick to play on a fatherless boy who's got an old mother to support, and I can't get over it. Seventy cents for this hull crowd! I've walked eighteen miles and laid out all night to stop this coach, and you offer me ten cents apiece! Say, don't look at me! Don't speak to me! Don't even walk in my tracks! I cut the gang of you dead cold forever!"

And he shouldered his gun and walked off.

## He Expected It.



The Small Boy.—Git onto de blind man! He's went to sleep.



The Other Small Boy.—Say, Mister, Billy's a artist. You couldn't beat that yourself!



The Blind Man (awaking)—I knowed it would come! I knowed it! It's nothin' but a jedge ment on me fer the way I been pretendin'—Judge.

into the bushes and wouldn't look back when we called to him that he'd dropped something.

Reason! BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic.

An Easy Victim.

Temperance Worker—And what caused your downfall, my good man?

Horrible Example—It was this stage realism, mum. I was acting the drunkard in a temperance play, and the manager insisted on my using real whiskey, mum.

Authorized Canadian edition. Stevenson's new romance, The Wrecker, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson's thrilling romance of the South Seas has been universally pronounced the most absorbing piece of fiction of the year, while appearing in Scribner's Magazine. It is a story of daring adventure, of lost treasure, of shipwreck, of rescue and mutiny, worthy to rank with Kidnaped and Treasure Island. Toronto: The National Publishing Company.

It's Often Done.

"Bunker is just about leaving Liverpool. He's on the Mersey, steaming for the sea."

"I bet he'll be howling for Mersey when the motion begins."

Robert W. Latham, Lapanza, Cal., U. S. A., says: "I consider Diamond Vera-Cura the best medicine ever invented for Indigestion. It puts the digestive organs in order, heals the stomach, regulates the bowels, strengthens the nervous system." At druggists or sent on receipt of price, 25c. Address E. A. Wilson, Toronto.

On to Him at Last.

Bombinski—Whom are you going to kill next?

Redflagaki—A man who tyrannizes over the laboring men.

Bombinski—Another capitalist, eh?

Redflagaki—No. A walking delegate.

For Seasickness.

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. W. W. Blackman, Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I am very much pleased with it in seasickness. Several cases have been brought to my attention where it afforded prompt and entire relief."

Clearly Put.

Inquirer—As I understand it, you American musicians object to the landing of foreign bands and orchestras, because their music comes in competition with your music.

American Musician—Yah; das is recht.

STOP THIEF.

Dyspepsia is stealing the roses from many ladies' cheeks, and making many men's faces blank.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

will arrest the action, and restore health, vigor and energy. It will cure Sick Headache, acting like a charm on the stomach, liver and kidneys. Price 25 cents a box.







## Between You and Me.

IF there is one journalist more than another whom I should like to be, it is Labouchere of Truth. I watched the exchanges for the last number of his racy publication, and I laughed considerably over the first few paragraphs. He has had them thrust upon him, poor man, by the *quid nuncs* and "I told you so's" of the English people. I think it is too funny to hear him telling how disinterested and devoted a Radical he is and how little he cares where Labouchere comes in so long as the country is safe. Ah, Labby, Labby, there are two mistakes one is apt to make when one talks about oneself, to tell folks how good one is, or to confess how bad one is. No one believes you either time, you know! People don't want confessions or assertions of that sort. You and I think certain things of certain people, and they may talk and confess and vow and declare till the crack of doom and we'll be "of the same opinion still!" I think the outspoken Radical editor expected to be placed, and so do lots of others; he doesn't say he didn't, but says he isn't a bit put out at being left out. Anyone who wants to be tickled in very funny wise should read *Truth* of August 25.

The Philistines be upon us! I don't know how everyone else feels, but I did feel a bit nervous when the electric cars were started on King street. I felt like going and hanging up big signs on the corners: "Look out for the cars!" that a timely warning might come before the eyes of our visitors. It is to be expected that people accustomed to quiet country roads and front streets of placid towns should get rattled when they come to Toronto. I got just so when I go to New York and chase about the city after friends and editors and bargain counters, and I never feel cross if anyone accuses me of it. But then I am not a farmer's wife nor daughter, and sad experience and a severe clawing a year ago have taught me that such are sometimes unduly sensitive. Why, I cannot for the life of me imagine. But to return to the cars. I heard two little sentences across the office the other day, which amused me a good deal. "Well, you're still killing people on those electric cars. Now, we don't need to kill our folks in Hamilton, haven't killed one." The other voice drawled slowly and good-naturedly: "No, you can't spare any," and the Hamilton man, after a pause and a gag, slid out of the door.

Surely this *fin de siècle* is the age of fakes! There is the fake parson, the fake lawyer, the fake doctor and the fake employment agent, the fake newspaper, with its fake prizes and competitions, and the fake lottery, which is the only fake likely to get its deserts. There are always fools to meet the fakes half way, emotional women, who are spiritual hypocrites, and nervous creatures, who are in the same affliction as to their perishing bodies; and needy but trusting souls who chase will o' the-wisp situations, and poor silly women, who want diamond rings for half-yearly subscriptions, or list of words, and dishonest and conscienceless men who hope for a whale of thousands of dollars in return for the sprat of one! All fakes, the whole lot of them! The worst of them is that they do harm to the honest substance of which they are the shadow. Every fake parson keeps many souls in darkness, every fake doctor keeps many bodies racked and writhing, until in time they turn and rend fakes and honest men alike in their excess of impatient misery. Every fake newspaper steals away thousands of dollars that would otherwise come to honest journals run on their merits, irrespective of diamond rings and dress patterns. How blind these mortals be! And though the fakes wither like Jonah's gourd, in double quick time, still they are thorns in the sides of honest folk, while they grow and flourish and someone gets the dollars. They look out for that, do the fakes!

Among the many schools of art, of physical culture, and of design, there has sprung up, or is about to spring, the School of Conjugal Happiness. The pupil will be instructed in the art of pleasing man! She will take a course of scientific wooing and learn all the depths and shoals of coquetry and love-making; she will take a course of pouts, a short *science* of smiles; a vocal lesson on no and yes, with every possible inflection; sermons on scolding and lectures on coaxing will equip her for her pretty conquests. After these lighter studies have made her ornamental, she will learn to broil a steak, with a serpentine expression and unfailing skill, and will take a short term of baby-tending as a *bonne bouche*, for a final. A graduate's certificate of proficiency and success will be given to those students who pass, and tingingling will probably go the merry marriage bells *toute suite*!

All very fine, say I! but is the School of Conjugal Happiness to have no male graduates? I should like to see some of the arbiters of our fate at their lesson too! A course of chivalry, comprising cold carrying, ashes sifting, kindling chopping and fire making, and a short season of vocal culture, on the pianissimo and dulcissimo tones, a few lectures on tobacco smoking and cocktails, in an economical aspect, a strong and stiff essay on duplicity as condoned by marriage, a general dissertation on duties present and to come, and a rousing valedictory on selfishness would be beneficial. It is but little use starting these studies after matrimony has taken place. It's hard to teach an old dog new tricks; men and women need to graduate pre-nuptially, and to make the road to conjugal happiness their study in their salad days. How angelic the wedded life of the woman who doesn't want the last word, and the man who can kindle a fire without kerosene or profanity!

In these days of traveling by land and sea, one comes across queer stories and experiences. I don't envy a lady friend who made the passage from Germany to England in a ship loaded with fireworks. While they were being unloaded, fires aboard were extinguished, and the passengers had to put up with a cold meal, as it was too dangerous to kindle even enough blaze to boil a tea-kettle. What a very tranquil and soothing day they must have passed!

The usual September epidemic of weddings

has broken out. They are of daily occurrence, and one has no end of chance to study human nature in its flustered or envious or cynical aspects. Scarcely anyone is happy at a stylish wedding—they don't have time to be. Too many more important things than happiness are to the fore. The bride has her train and her bouquet and her veil to consider. The bridesmaids have their own cares and trials; the ushers perspire and smile and race; the best man can scarcely spare courage from his own scant store to help the groom face the crowds of tittering misses and criticizing dowagers in that awful moment's wait for the bridal party. The mothers are tearful, the fathers grave and serious; the crowd anxious, impatient, hot and stifled; the coachmen contemptuously indifferent, and only the gutter-snipes and street Arabs who guy the police and make remarks about the guests outside the church doors take any enjoyment out of the whole thing. I always enjoy myself, but it is mainly in watching the miseries of the rest of them. Then comes the reception, the congratulations, the conglomeration of ice cream and sandwiches, and champagne and *bon-bons*. Then, O crowning horror and abomination, the inexcusable enormity of rice and slipper throwing, and the fugitive race for the carriage of a pelted and protesting pair. Why do they do it, the fiendish brothers and giggling girls? Why not treat the newly wedded with that consideration and honor which their exit demands? But no! Modern etiquette sanctions the outrage, and rice and old slippers fly in the face of refinement. Nobody "behaves" in church at a stylish wedding; nobody prays, nobody is expected to. In that sublime moment, when the seal of the Church is put upon the happiness or misery of two human hearts, you and I, instead of being awed and devotional, are scanning the gowns, wondering if the bride feels nervous, smiling at an acquaintance, or yawning over the whole affair. Talking about church behavior makes me remark on the queer attitudes people consider suitable for supplication. One man in front of me, one recent Sunday, folded his arms on the desk and laid his head on them, closing his eyes, just as if the only prayer he knew or intended to use was the well worn "Now I lay me!" A very natural attitude, and one quoted significantly in Scripture is the kneeling figure and the bent head covered with the hands, but my parson says that isn't right. It makes us lazy and drowsy, and we are enjoined to kneel erect, with face unbowed and hands uplifted, and we are to lean against anything. Well, I simply can't do it—it is so crampy and hurts my knees!

Yesterday I saw a city garden that surprised me! It was just the usual narrow strip behind a house in a row, but the owner of it loved flowers and would have them. The fences were green with vines, the ground was covered with phlox, nasturtiums, white verbenas, alyssum, scores of parti-colored blooms, making the cramped little place a perfect picture. Tiny paths ran to and fro, encroached on by sweet, wandering branches of mignonette or honeysuckle, sprawling petunias, but oh, the sweetness and the surprise of it! I grudge the brick walls that shut it from the street. I want everyone to see it and to smell it, for it is very good.

LADY GAY.

## Individualities.

A noted life-saver is Capt. Nicholas Murphy of Boston. In thirty-five years he has saved over one hundred persons from drowning.

Jay Gould carries a dime in his purse and says that he vividly remembers the time when it represented his entire worldly wealth.

An asylum for mothers-in-law is being built in Austria, by a wealthy Austrian woman, and provision has been made for five hundred occupants.

A school is to be opened in Japan by Mrs. Tel Low, a highly educated Japanese lady of Tokyo, where she will teach the native women of her own rank.

The widowed Princess Nazal is the only upper-class woman in Egypt who is allowed to see men, and has this privilege through the special order of the Sultan.

Herr Von Hessler, Equerry to the Prince Regent of Bavaria, was killed by two ferocious mastiffs that attacked him while walking on one of the principal streets of Munich.

Tea and tobacco are assigned as the explanation of the prevalence among Russian women of crime over the women of any other nation. They smoke cigarettes constantly and drink enormous quantities of strong tea.

The orders and decorations of Prince Bis marck, if worn three deep, would cover the breast of a man six feet across the shoulders. The ex-Chancellor is said to possess more of these honors than any other man in Europe.

Four thousand dollars a year apiece are the salaries of the Countess de Nurasol, Miss Etta Hughes, and Fraulein Paula, who are respectively the Spanish, English and Austrian governesses of the Infantas of Spain. Each receives, besides her salary, a home in the royal household.

A contrivance has been invented by Mrs. Harriet M. Plumb of New York for keeping cars supplied with fresh air without the annoyance of cinders. The new patent has been in use for some weeks on local trains between San Francisco and Oakland, California, and is very satisfactory.

Countess Li, wife of Li-Hung Chang, Chinese Viceroy, is dead. She was attended by an English physician and an American lady doctor. She was one of the most remarkable women of the day in China. She had the greatest influence at court, and was a trusted adviser of the Dowager Empress.

The real name of Dumas' famous Camille was Alphonsine Plessis; the great author portrayed her character as it really was. She had a natural talent and an instinctive refinement which no education could have enhanced. She never made a grammatical mistake; no coarse expression ever passed her lips.

Jane, Lady Shelley, the widow of the late Sir Percy, the poet's son, and successor to his grandfather in the baronetcy, was unable to attend the Shelley Centenary at Horsham. Lady Shelley's time is spent chiefly at Boscombe Manor; her health is but indifferent, and she lives in much seclusion.

## The Gypsy Wagon--No. 2.

In which the Gentle Reader Inspects Some Rare Horses and Dogs and Travels a Dozen Miles.

BY MACK.

FELIX had arranged that a certain hotel over the Don should be the starting point, and here he had the covered wagon and the sulky taken, and the three horses, driven one after the other, as he purchased them. Here, too, Sampson and Casey had sent the cooking utensils, bed clothing and the merchandise. When they met Friday evening at old Telfer's office for a final consultation, they decided to gather at the hotel at nine o'clock in the morning and change their clothing, putting on their gypsy garb and getting a start down the road by ten.

Casey reached the rendezvous at eight o'clock and eagerly inspected the outfit. The three horses were such a collection that, horse-dealer though he was, he had never seen the like. One of them was stone blind, and the hostler informed him it belonged to the sulky. Those horses were thin—so awfully thin and jointy that Casey walked around them and hung up his hat on fourteen different bone-peaks on the team. He went back five paces and pitched his hat against the hip-joint of the old mare and there, after swirling around a couple of times, it neatly hung. He said it reminded him of making a ringer while pitching quoits. The hostler showed the professional estimate set upon the animals by saying that he had orders not to let any of 'em except the blind one lie down, and he was tired "a-proddin' of 'em all night."

This intimation that the poor beasts had been denied the right to sleep for fear they would seize such a favorable opportunity for peaceably dying, angered Casey, but just then his attention was called to a most disreputable-looking female who came out from the hotel with two letters which she handed to him. One letter was from Sampson, asking to be picked up a mile down the road and the other was from old Telfer, requesting that he be picked up at the toll gate, as he knew the keeper.

"Them ducks," said Casey, "are ashamed to be seen starting out on this gypsy business. When I'm ashamed of doing anything I just don't do it, and as I'm playing gypsy, if I should this minute see the Queen sitting on that board fence across the road looking at me, it wouldn't curl a hair, dy'e see? That's the kind of a man I am. Well—I'll be—blowed!"

This astonishing conclusion to his statement of what manner of man he was, did not arise from the sudden appearance of her Gracious Majesty sitting astride the rickety board fence across the road and looking at him as the startled hostler seemed to expect, for he gazed over enquiringly, but Casey had taken a square, full-face look at the coarse female who had given him the letters, and that eccentric creature with hands on hips and arms akimbo was smiling and leaning at him with much effrontery. It was the irrepressible Felix in woman's clothes, false hair and an old shawl over his head and pinned beneath his chin. Brief explanations followed, and then the horses were hitched up, the blind one in the sulky being tied behind the wagon. They drove out of the yard, both the man in front and the woman looking out of the rear, smoking new clay pipes. Three-quarters of a mile down the road Sampson was seen crossing a vacant field, and looking more like a Mexican greaser than a common gypsy. In his belt was a revolver and a bowie knife, notwithstanding that he had in the wagon already a rifle and a shotgun and ammunition to no end. When he asked where the others were, Casey fired up and gave him a piece of his mind, and made him peel off his guns and knives and told him to empty the dynamite out of his pockets.

Sampson was appointed to drive the sulky, and of course in untying his horse saw Felix and jogged behind talking to him.

When drawing near the toll-gate they beheld advancing towards them a villainous-looking man with full beard, a wide slouch hat and long boots, holding a rope in each hand, to which was tied a dog, while a third ran at his heels. Telfer's friend, the dog-catcher, had been generous.

"That lets him out," said Casey good humoredly. "He came down here early with the dogs."

Telfer was proud of his mongrels. The one running behind was a handsome fellow and he was named Snap and allowed to run at large. The other two were tied under the wagon. One of them was soused in the first creek they came to and christened The Philosopher, because it was early noticed that he had a frequent habit of scratching his head in a very thoughtful and reflective way. He was endowed with great mental application, too, for though kicked over while in this reflective posture he would resume it forthwith as though unconscious of interruption. Telfer named the other dog Saturday, in honor of the

day of his discovery, after the example of the Portuguese explorers.

When old Telfer had finished fussing around tying the dogs, he saw the womanized Felix, and said he would go home if there was to be any such blamed tom-foolery.

But Ophelia (fem. of Felix) had too sharp a tongue for him and gave him a sound gypsy setting-out. That wig cost money and was not going to be discarded, besides, in theaters most actors looked unnatural in wigs, but having a small head Ophelia could wear one becomingly. More than that, no gypsy outfit was complete without a woman to cook and tell fortunes, and as for children, it was intended to kidnap a couple along the road.

Just here Casey got into trouble with a teamster who was driving into town with a load of furniture, and the fellow was swearing tremendously because he had to pull to one side and stop.

"That's our weakness, boys," said Casey, his voice very, very sad. "It'll give us dead away. Not one of us can swear back at a fellow the way a fellow has a right to expect from gypsies," and he looked from face to face disapprovingly.

The teamster was swearing still and Casey felt in honor bound to say something. "Shut up!" he yelled. "Close your head or I'll climb up there and choke you. I eat men like you every night." The teamster saw a powerful gypsy with one foot menacingly placed on the dashboard and he drove on, no doubt saying that "those fellows are a murderous lot."

"Yes, boys," said Casey, swishing the whip away under the trace chains in hopes of finding a fresh and tender spot on the off mare's hide, "that's our weakness. I did the best I could, and not so bad either, but we should have brought Adams along. Now he'd have sworn that fellow dizzy in a minute." Adams was a stableman in his employ who swore in much the same way as other men whistled at their work.

The party was now actually on the road, but the first day was somewhat of a trial trip. Rather early in the afternoon they pulled up near the beach not far from Port Union for the night. The horses were tethered and fed, a fire started and Ophelia, assisted by Sampson, got supper. Encouraged by Casey, old Telfer made a few villainous improvements in his garb, and before dusk all had abandoned themselves to the rough and ready spirit of gypsy life. After a square meal, they sat and smoked by the embers of the fire and planned and planned.

## Resentment.



Policeman—Here, what are you doing—trying to kill that operator? Telfer—Why, I was writin' a telegram, an' I simply askin' him if dey waz one or two effs in tough an' he say dey waz none, an' I see jes' resentin' de insult.

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(To be Continued.)

## A Cool Conversation.

WHILE ago I was traveling from Toronto to —. Directly in front of me sat two young ladies whose conversation I found so entertaining that I shall record it for the public benefit. One was a Canadian, tall, trim as a deer, with a merry, tanned face; the other an English girl, small, neat and rather puffy-like. I decided that the Canadian was motherless and sisterless, for she had a boyish air, imbibed, no doubt, from her brothers, and that she ruled her father and "auntie" with the good-humored tyranny of an indulged only girl. I am certain Miss Jones, the English girl, never had a brother, she couldn't be other than sedate and never romped in her life.

The talk turned, first on fancy work, in which Miss Jones was evidently an enthusiast. Miss Brown confessed without a blush that she had never finished a piece in her life, in spite of her auntie's endeavors. Flowers were a greater success. Miss Brown desecrated on finding "pitcher plants" in Muskoka, and digging under dead leaves for arbutus and hepatica; but flowers to Miss Jones meant geraniums and such like, I know.

"Oh, dear Miss Brown, describe your sports to me; you know I have been so short a time in Canada."

"Do you mean boating, and all that?"

"Oh, dear, no. I dislike boating exceedingly. My sisters and I went out in a sailing boat not long since, and they made us sit on the edge, while the other side was away down, dipping under water. We were so alarmed."

"And canoeing or rowing?" with a comical smile.

"Oh, dear Miss Brown, you could not persuade us to enter into one of those little boats! Your winter sports we have read so much about—tobogganing."

"You know what a toboggan is like?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, unless the hill is very steep, an artificial slide is erected in order to get a better start, all sit down, the person in front of you sits on your feet, and you return the compliment by sitting on the feet of the person behind; you put your chin on your knees,"

Miss J. slightly shocked—"and grasp the side rails. The steerer sits at the back. When all are ready somebody says, 'Let 'er go!' Then you fall down through freezing ice-cold air that snatches the breath out of your lungs and pinches your nostrils together; before you get over the first gasp you are at the bottom of the slide and strike the bump. I never saw a toboggan slide yet that hadn't a bump at the foot of it," with an air of thoughtful consideration. "Then on you go, leaping the hollows, striking the bumps, and whizz you are at the end of the run, and scrambling to your feet, for the next party is close behind. Then you walk back and do it all over again."

"Dear me! and do you find it enjoyable?"

"Enjoyable! Well, I guess I do. We haven't a toboggan of our own, for father thinks a bob-sleigh safer."

"What is it like?"

"It is two small sleighs fastened together with a long, strong board. The board is fastened firmly to the hind bob and with a pivot to the front bob. The steerer sits in front and manages with a pair of ropes as if it were a horse—" Miss J. plainly mystified. "Oh, we have gay times on our old bob," she laughed gleefully. "My brother Harry always takes me down alone first to try the hill. He has to have ballast, you know. He says he wouldn't mind breaking my neck, but it wouldn't do to break some other fellow's sister's neck."

The brotherly compliment horrifies the little English girl. "But I thought you said that a—ah—was safer than a toboggan?" she gasped.

"So it is, but they must find where the drifts are, you know. One evening Harry, a friend and I went up to Mather's Hill in Rosedale. It is S-shaped and rather difficult to steer around. We were to meet a party of friends at the other and longer hill. As we couldn't leave Alice alone while we tried the hill, she had to go with us. While we were two-thirds of the way down we struck a deep drift. Harry telescoped, then turned a somersault; Alice plunged both feet into the drift and I firmly believe she went clean down to mother earth. Harry pulled her out and then came to me. I wasn't as lucky as they were. I went in head first and put my arms in too. He got me out and drew off my mittens to fish for the snow that went down the back of my neck. He got as much out as he could, and I soon warmed up the rest."

"Oh, dear! how excessively uncomfortable," Bless you, no. Accidents will happen to all men and most women. Well, we went on, drawing the sleigh till we met the rest of the party. They had an accident in that very drift and broke their front bob." All this was told with many smiles and animated gestures.

"There were two such big girls there that night," she proceeded. "Once I sat between them, the bigger one behind me and our Harry behind her; Jack Harvey was steering. Just as we rounded a sharp corner Miss Forman let go the rail and put her hand on me to steady herself. She leaned so heavily I just popped out like a ball, and came down with a thump on the side of my face. When they reached the end of the run Jack Harvey was counting noses. 'Why, where is Nellie Brown?' he asked. 'Hal, didn't your sister come down this time?' Hal said he put me on but supposed I had got off again. Miss Forman had recovered her balance, and holding her face low to protect it from the wind she hadn't noticed me fall. Wasn't it funny?" she asked, with a gay laugh. Miss Jones assented doubtfully.

"Snow-shoeing is splendid fun, too, and ice-boating. Oh—"

But here the brakesman entered shouting: "Jump off Junction, change cars for Tother-place;" of course he didn't say that, but dear knows what he did say. I was sorry the two girls gathered up their things and left, the English girl with a firm resolution written even on her neat coil of hair, never, never to tempt providence by joining in any such dangerous pastimes.

The day was so warm and so dusty that I found the subject of conversation delightfully cool and refreshing—don't you?

SISTER AG.

P.S.—Don't you think the English girl an exception to the rule?

## The Attentive Member.

"Was there a good sermon this morning?" I don't know. I was thinking about something else at the time. But my foot went to sleep."

## Mechanical Analogy.

We often find that our little vices naturally have a gripe like pliers.

## An Important Point.

"Is that really a glass eye?" said Maude to the optician. "Yes, ma'am." "How strange! It is not transparent. How does the wearer see through it?"



# The Duel at Frog Hollow

By WILL H. HARBEN.

A balmy summer morning. A weather-stained cottage in a Georgian town. A ragged fence, made half of planks, half of misshapen pales surrounded a weed-grown yard. A pigpen against the front fence held a hungry inmate, which squealed at every passer-by. A portly, middle-aged negress smoking a clay pipe, her heavy eyelids half closed over somnolent orbs, sat in the cottage doorway, over which clambered a purple and pink climatic vine. A tall negro slouched down the sidewalk in the sunshine and opening the sagging gate slowly entered. His head was bowed up with a blood-stained cotton handkerchief and one of his eyes was frightfully swollen. The woman did not look up till her husband was before her, then she roused herself with a start.

"De Lawd save us, Peter, what kin got the matter?" she exclaimed.

The newcomer did not answer but, stepping over the woman's feet, he passed into the cottage, followed by her anxious glance. He took a seat near a window and began to rub his injured brow with his long black hand.

"What dis, Peter? Have er mule throwed yer? Is yer been blowed up wid er blazin' rock?"

Her rapid questions seemed to irritate him. "Huh! no!" he grunted, turning his broad back upon her and closing an eye to test the sight of his bleeding mate.

"My!" exclaimed his wife, knocking the cold ashes out of her clay pipe into the pain of her hand, from which she emptied them outside the door; "my! watter-buged up so fer? You look lak er house might er fell in on yer."

"I got in er ill 'sturbance wid Nelse Pullam," said the wounded black, sheepishly; "he 'lowed I tol' er lie, en I let 'im hat one er my 'Joses in de let' jaw. No nigger kin tell me open face I lied."

"En so yer hat er rag'lar fight; wall, dat's too bad, but I reckon yer did right, kase de ain't no use'n letten er nigger run dry shod over yer. But I hope ter see you in de blood 'im up waze'n ye'self, kase ef you didn't Mandy is de boun' sho ter 'tlow it up ter me at 'chuch Sunday."

"Tain't end' yit," said Peter, waxing a little warm over the recollection that by active dodging Nelse had come out of the fight without any signs of injury to his personal appearance. He began to stroke his eye with increasing frequency, and blurted out: "You des hol' yer taters en wait—dat's all—you des wait; ef you don't yer suppin drap, you ain't er settin' in dat cheer; now dis is Peter Brown er talkin'."

"Yer ain't gwine fight ergin, is yer?" asked the woman. "Seem lak yer orter hat it out en done wid yo' fer stop."

"Nelse 'low we's in fer er duel lak Marse Johnson en Marse Martin is de las' mont'." answered Peter, with a blinding of dignity and awe in his tone. "He 'low his secum will call roun' on me terrekly en fer me ter be ready."

"You don't seh!" exclaimed Aunt Frances. "You gwine fight er duel? Wall, dat de beat de worl! It'll be fus' one darkies ever hat up in dis town. I naver is spec' ter live ter see de day my own husband is in er duel. I hope en pray w'en dis duel is tho' wid, dat Nelse will let yer erone, no matter which one kille, or mebbe befo', de'll be er big funeral en talk. What it gwine tek place?"

"I don't know yit."

"Kin women folks go?"

"No," haughtily; "ain't yer got er speck er de ill kumpton, you 'boid wid yo' orter know nobody is 'low ter be present on sech 'casions 'cep de two men en two secums en mebbe er doctor er two."

At this juncture three negroes came hurriedly up to the gate.

"Hello, Peter," said the foremost one, panting as if he had been walking very fast, "how you is?"

"I'm telerble, Jim," answered Peter, rising slowly and going to the door; "won't yer come in en set arwhile?"

"No," said the negro, looking significantly at Aunt Frances, who still obstructed the doorway; "no, I jes' call roun' ter see you on er ill private business. Come out ter de gate."

"Watter want?" asked Peter, walking out and leaning over the fence.

"Peter," began the visitor in a pleading tone, "Peter, Nelse Pullam 'low you en him is in fer er duel; en I come 'light down, kase I want ter be yo' second. Me an you is good friends, en I 'low I orter hat it kase I de fus' one ter ax you. I ain' gotter blame spec' er use for Nelse kase he run ergin me fer deacon in de-chuch, en I want ter be wid you w'en yo' ball lay 'im out. Now, kin I hab de place?"

Peter hung his swollen head between his two hands for a moment. A suspicious observer might have noted that he was very ill at ease.

"Watter seh, Peter?" asked Jim anxiously.

"Jim Banks," said Peter sternly, "who tol' yer dat black scarpin er de earth want er fight er duel? Who tol' yer, I seh, who tol' yer? Dat's all I ax now, who tol' yer?"

"It is yer 'im myself," answered Jim; "he tol' Tom Black de chuch, he tol' me, he tol' Nelse Pullam seh Peter hatter fight er duel er back clean out?"

"Yes, he did, Peter," spoke up the negro addressed, who had been eagerly drinking in the conversation with open mouth, "yes, Jim ain't tellin' you no lie; Nelse ad seh he gwine thoo you lak lightning is struck you. I don't watter mix up in it, but dat's what Nelse seh!"

"Ef he ever do git in front er my 'volver," said Peter, obviously buoyed up by the negro's reference to Nelse's cowardice, "ef he do, you gwine yer suppin drap, dat's certain!"

"But, Peter," urged Jim, looking anxiously up the street as if he feared someone else would appear to claim the honor of acting as Peter's second—"but, Peter, you ain't le me know yit kin I be secon?"

"I want ter know, I kin git ready."

"I don't b'leve Nelse Pullam want no duel," said Peter with perverse evasion, and a shadow fell across his disfigured features. "Dat nigger wouldn't fight er rabbit."

"Well," persisted Jim half despondently, "ef de is er duel, kin I be yo' secon—des in case de is one, dat's all?"

"Yes," said Peter doggedly; "but he won't fight now, you see."

"Yer come Bob Lash now," chimed in one of the dusky bystanders. Silence fell upon the group as a shiny-faced young darky, dressed in a dark suit and a long linen duster, turned the corner and strutted down the sidewalk to them.

"Dis is whar Mr. Peter Brown lives, is it not?" he said haughtily.

"You know yer in my house, Bob Lash," said Peter significantly. "You is been yer at dinner time often enough. I reckon I is de man you out lookin' fer. I'm 'light yer in my own ya'd, en I is been yer fer er hour."

"I want ter see you in private er moment," returned Bob in a very dignified tone; "what I is gott'er seh is de's 'twix us."

Peter turned toward the house and Bob followed him.

ously put his hand into the pocket of his coat and produced a much-soiled note.

"Mr. Brown," said he in a declamatory tone, "I hab de honor ter fetch you dis 'munication fum my frien' Mr. Nelson Pullam, regardin' de lill 'sturbance you en 'im hat up at de ware-house w'en you wuz bofe litta' at de cotton bale. It's er painful duty, but such things mus' happen sometimes 'twix men wid honor."

Peter took the note in his trembling hand and raised the bandage from his swollen eye. He could not read a word, and yet he scanned the sheet critically. Bob was aware of his illiteracy, so he waited a moment, then said: "I beg yo' pardon, suh, but de paper is blotter er lill, en I will read it fer you."

"MR. PETER BROWN.

"DEAR SIR,—Dis yer note will be han' ter you by my bes' frien'. I now dare you, en double dare you ter meet me on de fer er battle dis evenin' at yo' erelock at Frog Hollow, clove ter de spring."

NELSE PULLAM.

"DEACON IN DE BAPTIS' CHURCH IN GOOD STANDIN'."

Peter seemed petrified as he listened to the reading of the note.

"Did Nelse Pullam write dat? Did he? I des watter know; did he? Dat's all, did he?" he exclaimed in abrupt, staccato sentences.

"I'm sorry ter 'om yer dat dis yer is not Nelse Pullam's han' writin'. He cayn't write no better'n chicken tracks. Bein' er he pint me his second, I writ it fer 'im. He didn't know how ter 'write, but long's he wuz wid de duel party lak mont', en am er ole han' at sech things, I know de code tho' and thoo."

"Nelse Pullam's de triflines nigger in dis town. I'm a good min' ter tek er bo'd en go down den on split it over his head—da's what I am!"

"See yer, Mr. Brown," protested Bob, "dis is no yer ter transac' sech business er dis. I is come fer yer ter cep' dis challenge er back out, one ter—en hit's high time I wuz gwine."

"Who talkin' 'bout backin' out? You er fool, mister," blustered Peter, as he noted that Jim and his companion had approached the window on the outside and were eagerly listening to the colloquy. "You certany is clean gone out yo' head if you 'low I's erfeared er Nelse Pullam!"

"Well, den," returned Bob, as he drew his wrinkled duster round him and stood up, "is you choose yo' second?"

Peter pretended to be too busy with his eye to hear him.

"He seh I may be in his secon!" Jim shouted from the outside.

"Well, s'pos, you come in en 'range fer de fight den, suh," replied Bob, getting into his garb of formality again. "I s'pose Mr. Brown is er ill upset wid de idea er tellin' his wife good-by fer good. Mebbe he do need yo' vice."

Jim entered, followed closely by the two others, who alyly sneaked over against the wall to escape observation. Bob bowed ostentatiously to him, who greeted this unexpected ceremony with a look of surprise.

"I'm mo' happy ter meet yer," said the former, giving Jim his hand. "It's mo' likely you never tuk part in er 'fare er honor befo', en may need some lill 'gestions yo'self. In de South Calina my ole master use ter get in um mo' 'fery mo'nin' 'fo' he go ter de chuch, he erlong to wipe off his pistols en tote um back home he done kilt de man. S'ch matters is vey disagreeble, but it seem lak de mus' happen sometime, lak sometimes you des 'bleeged ter kilt er pet pig w'en he is outer hog meat; gitter is de gitter de idea er tellin' about his wife. My principal is off in de woods now practicin' wid his 'volver at er black spot on er tree, and des pawin' de groun, he's so mad."

Peter was standing before a little cracked mirror on the mantelpiece, readjusting for the twelfth time the hair which he had combed back. Aunt Frances and three other colored women had stolen into the adjoining room, and were peering through the door-facing, with hanging lips and eager eyes.

"Day don't want us in deh," muttered Aunt Frances with a gutteral chuckle. "You tol' me stay yer. I'm gwine in en ax um do watter yer er drink er col' well water. I do hope en pray dey'll fix it up so Peter kin fill dat long black dog wid buckshot."

She waddled into the room, smiling and bowing respectfully to the three ladies.

"Seuse me, gen'men, please," she said; "I des 'trude myself ter ax you anybody 'fresh yo'self wid er dipper er cool well water while you is waitin'?"

They all declined her invitation, and Peter, who evidently relished by her entrance, turned round and said:

"Frances, what I is tol' yer time en ergin tell I is done tired out—not er sturne me w'en I is busy!"

Without a word in reply, Aunt Frances waddled ha'silly from the room and joined her friends.

"Well, Mr. Banks," said Bob to Jim, as he coolly flicked a bit of ashes from his sleeve, "I s'pose it in order now fer you en me to 'plete de 'liminaries ter give dese two defended men er chance fer de fight. I'll ter yer 'all ter 'vide. Is it ter be fight er backout?"

"Fight!" answered Jim cautiously, emboldened by the knowledge of his own immunity from danger. "De ain't no backdown in dis house. Ef de is, I don't know my bes' fren'."

Peter Brown, who had been sitting on a stool, now rose and said:

"I'll write de note. Peter, is you gott'er pen en ink handy?"

Peter was silent, but Aunt Frances cried out from the adjoining room:

"I'll git um, Jim," and she bustled in, producing the writing materials and placing them upon a table, remarking as she did so: "Jim Banks, tell dat black-livered skunk, Nelse Pullam, he better git ready ter hab silber put on his eyes."

"Frances," called out Peter, in a forced tone of anger, from the doorway, "what dis tol' yer? What I done tol' yer 'bout you open yo' mouf alays at de wronges' time?"

She bustled out in haste, and Jim seated himself to write an acceptance of the challenge.

"What I mus' tell 'im, Peter?" he asked.

Peter stretching his neck out of the window, not and did not appear to hear the question. Jim sat expectant, with his eyes fixed on his friend's mute, bent back, and allowed his mouth to fall ajar. The silence became awkward. Jim dipped the pen well down into the ink, stirring up the sediment in the bottom of the bottle.

"I b'lieve on my soul," said Peter, in half listless, half indignant tone, "de do b'lieve er hog is got in my turnip patch; de is some er de beatenes in dis yer town I ever seed. I'm er good min' ter dis yer your gun en kill one or two des fer spile."

Bob Lash put on a semblance of disgust.

"I'm sho gittin' out er all patience wid you ge'men," he said; "dis de fus' time I ever witness sech percedin'." He stood up, buttoning his flabby duster and swinging his hat and cane in his hands.

"Peter," pleaded Jim, "suppen hatter be done; you ain't er gwine ter back down?"

"Who seh I gwine back down?" asked Peter, jerking the bandage from his head and pretending to roll up his sleeves.

"Nobody ain't seh you gwine back down," said Bob as he shifted a fresh cigar into the corner of his mouth and closed an eye to keep out the smoke. He shrugged his shoulders and then said to Jim: "Well, dat's all I want; I'll see Mr. Brown in 'cep' my frien's challenge, en all you is gott'er do now, Mr. Banks, is ter write de note."

"What mus' I write?" asked Jim.

Bob puffed at his cigar a moment, then he dictated and Jim wrote:

"Mr. Nelson Pullam, colored deacon in de big Bethel Church: Dear Sir:—Dis will be han' ter you by my frien' en

silent second, Mr. Robert Thornton Lash, who will ac' fer me."

"No, I'm gwine ac' for Peter," interrupted Jim. "I hab secon."

"Dat's so, seuse me, des er alip er de lill; but go on wid de note; seh ter 'im: 'I'll meet you don't fall at de pinte place. Countin' de way I feel at de present writin', I know dat blood will be let out. I am, suh, yo' mo' er-bedient servant!'"

"Peter," broke in Aunt Frances indignantly from her point of observation, "don't you sen' no sech er note ter dat stinkin' Nelse Pullam—erbedient servant!"

"Dat's all 'light, Mrs. Brown," said Bob, as he folded the note and moved toward the door; "it des er lill matter er style, lak quality people do." Then to Peter: "Mr. Brown, I hab de honor er bid you good day, suh; we'll meet you in de holler; en less'n de sheriff git dis in de win', we'll hab satisfaction 'fo' de day is troo."

Peter seemed roused by the sudden idea that the officers of the law might interfere, and he said to Bob, who now stood bowing in the door: "You tell Nelse Pullam I'll be on han' early. I'm alays ready fer his kin'."

At four o'clock the shady spot on the edge of the town called Frog Hollow held a peculiar gathering. Colored people of all shades, ages, and sizes hung around among the trees in whispering, speculating groups. Even a few red and blue gowns of women brightened the green background in the extreme edge of the spot. Peter and Jim sat on a fallen tree, and about fifty yards from them, on a stone, sat Nelse Pullam, a big revolver cocked ready in his hand. Bob Lash stood at his side, looking more important than ever and emitting perpetual clouds of cigar smoke.

"How you feel, Nelse?" he asked, looking at an old brass watch and then glancing up at the sun.

"Oh, I'm game enough; you kin bet on dat," said the ebou knight, shuddering and looking over his shoulder furtively as a sudden breeze stirred a bush behind him. "I ain't er feared er no man dat ever seed de light er day."

"Well," said Bob, "I reckon it er about time me en Jim is medger off de paces. No use in waitin'. So long!"

As the two seconds advanced midway between the two so called duellists and began to step off the ground, every negro in view dodged out of sight behind a tree or stump.

Bob walked jauntily over to Nelse.

"All ready, Nelse," he said. "Come on en tek yo' stan'."

"Watter what stan'?" asked Nelse. "Look yer, Bob, ef dat black nigger des dair—des dare come yer whar I is, I gwine put er ball in 'im. Now, you yer me! I'm er gwine ter set 'light yer on dis rock, en ef he come—well, you des keep yo' eye open, dat's all!"

See dat rock dah! "pointing to a stone weighing about five pounds; "ef Nelse Pullam des dare ter come nigh me, I'll sen' it at his head. I wouldn't even cock dis pistol."

"Shuh!" grunted Jim, disappointedly, and he turned away to meet Bob, who was leaving Nelse.

"My man's er lill tired wid de walk over yer," remarked Bob indifferently. "I reckon we better wait er lill while on 'im."

"Peter say he hain't kille ready yet," returned Jim, mashing a troublesome mosquito on his forehead.

"Ter tell you de trufe, dough, Peter is er stric' chuch member, en I clare I b'lieve Peter think it wrong ter kille Nelse, but he's er makin' up his min' es fas' er dog kin tro. He'll be ready in er minute; des now he look lak he was prayin' ter de Lawd ter tek Nelse's soul in han'."

Both men were awkwardly silent for a moment as they looked off over the tops of the trees where a few buzzards were circling towards the earth. The pause was ended by Bob.

"Look-y yer, Jim," he ventured in a confidential, experimental tone. "I like Peter Brown en he's gott'er nice woman fer er wife—seem lak it er pity ter have his funeral ter morrow; he's er man at might live fifty years yit."

"Dat des 'xactly de way I feel 'bout Nelse," said Jim, with a cunning twinkle in his eye; "he's er lill bragsome en bull heady, but he's er nice feller, tek 'im all in all."

"I wuz des er studyin'," went on Bob, "whin' de use er dese fellers shoot er de ball out'n de pistols? Ef dey don't know no diffence, it all de same."

"Dat's er mighty good plan," acquiesced the other with a face-marring grin, "en den de wozn't be sech er likelhood er either fall er flippin' roun' us; no tellin' how blunderin' dese darkies might shoot ef dey once get started."

Accordingly the two seconds sat down out of sight of their two friends, and in a few moments they had picked the balls from the cart-ridges.

"Now dey'll do," chuckled Bob; "dey'll mek de same fus' en dey won't be bit er harm done. Now, Jim, I'm gwine hat de duel er me 'n you kin tek it up; what yer seh?"

In whisper, Jim, and both of the men hastened to the principals. But no persuasion could induce the offended men to rise from their respective seats. At last the spectators began to venture nearer and nearer till a dozen or more stood around, indulging in rallery over the evident cowardice of the ones most concerned.

"Dis won't never do," said Bob to Jim, in an under tone; "de whole town is gwine de laughin' over dis; suppose we tell um de ain't no loads in de pistols, seem lak it de onlies' way now."

Jim consented and both returned to their men.

"Peter," said Jim to the sulky friend in a whisper, "I want ter tell you suppen, en it mus' n't go er step furdur: me en Bob Lash is tuk all de balls out'n de 'volvers so de cayn't be nobody but de use er dese fellers shoot er de ball out'n de pistols. But no persuasion could induce the offended men to rise from their respective seats. At last the spectators began to venture nearer and nearer till a dozen or more stood around, indulging in rallery over the evident cowardice of the ones most concerned."

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balls des ez you like. You kin tek yo' time er you kin pop um off lak er pack er fire-crackers."

The make-believe duellists began to quiver anew, but they held their revolvers out at arm's length in front of them and got ready to wheel round at the signal.

"When I git ter three," said Bob, "wheel en go at it. Now: One! Two! Three!"

They turned and began to fire. Nelse's revolver cracked five times, but Peter in his agitation managed to explode but one shell.

"Hol' up!" cried Bob, and the smoke rose. "Now it seem dat Mr. Brown is got fo' shots 'fer; en 'cordin' ter de code he is got er right ter shoot um all in my man. So far it look lak nobody ain't hut, but I boun' yer dem trees out deh is got many er load in um. Now de 'fair res' 'twix yo' two, en ef you kin mek satisfaction out any mo' smoke on blood oil well en good; ez fer my part I think bofe you men is sho dat you is brave fum de wud g'."

Peter raised his revolver majestically and rested it upon the branch of a bush in a direct aim at his opponent's broad breast.

"Nelse Pullam," said he in a deep, thrilling tone, "I is got fo' mo' balls left; is you now willin' wid death en 'struction in yo' face, ter 'trac' what you seh ter me w'en you 'low I is er liar?"

Nelse folded his arms calmly, and looking round upon the sun-lighted spot and up at the sky as if he were bidding farewell to earth, said: "Seem lak I'm yo' meat; I reckon I kin die lak er man; I'm hat 'im yer," putting his broad hand grandly upon his breast.

"I is got fo' mo' shots left," threatened Peter slowly, keeping a steady aim at Nelse and humping his shoulders by way of emphasis. "Is I er liar or not?"

"Let um come," said Nelse, closing his eyes. "Sholy, gemmen, dis kin be settle," interposed Bob. "You is bife game, en hit do seem er human' shame ter hat one er sech a fine men laid out erbout er lill matter. Cayn't suppen be done?"

"I is got fo' mo' balls left," repeated Peter, looking along the barrel of his revolver, after he had spit upon his hand to take a fresh hold of the handle.

"I don't keer of you gott'er whole houseful er um," said Nelse. "Yer won't see me back down, Peter Brown; yer des let um come; I got my whack at 'im on er miss, kase I been smokin' too much; now you do de same."

"Let 'im off dis time, Peter," advised Jim; "shoot the shots off in de air like white folks does."

As if thankful for the suggestion, Peter slowly, magnanimously raised his revolver over his head, and bang! bang! bang! bang! went his blank cartridges.

"Now shek han's lak men; I fer one is glad dis is settle."

The two armed men threw down their weapons, and in an instant they were warmly shaking hands and laughing.

"Peter Brown, I 'low I is er brave man," said Nelse as they walked away followed by a noisy procession of admirers.

"Yes, dat's so," admitted Peter, "en I 'low I is, too; I didn't feel er single shiver thoo de whole battle."—Short Stories.

### Well Stamped.

Editor—Johnnie, did any stamps come with that poem of Howler's this morning? Boy—Yes, sir; three two-cent ones. Editor—Then run and get me a bear and a pretzel; after that you can carry the poem back to him.

### A Cunning Man.

Trotter—Had your vacation yet? Barlow—Yes; but I'm going to have a fortnight of malaria later.

### A Wise Maid.

Grace—I don't believe in long engagements. Rosalie—I don't know about that. They're better than none at all.

### The Kind That Would Suit Her.

Peddler—Would you like to buy a motto, God Bless Our Home? Mrs. Small (who keeps boarders)—No; but if you have any reading Curb Your Appetite, Eat in Moderation, or Gluttony is a Sin, I'll take half a dozen.

### The Beginning of an Unpleasantness.

"The scriptural injunction, my dear," said Mr. Carraway as he tried to eat some of his wife's bread, "is, Cast your bread on the waters. I fear this bread was cast in an iron foundry."

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## Music.

I WAS sorry that Mr. Rutter's letter reached the office too late for comment on my part in last week's issue, and I hope that the gentleman will not think me lacking in courtesy inasmuch as his contribution was given to the world in all its natural loveliness. I must congratulate Mr. Rutter on his frankness and candor, in fact I think he is something like that class of humorists who are called unconscious humorists, for he has corroborated unconsciously—every detail I gave concerning the Typothetae banquet and its singers, even to the extent of closing his effusion with a reference to the "paid singers, not guests."

I have had a most entertaining letter from Miss Hillary, dated from Hayreuth, where she had been drinking in the beauties of Parsifal, Tannhauser, Meistersinger, and Tristan and Isolde. She wrote in a delicious, old-time rose garden, the air mellowed by the sound of neighboring mannequins, and evidently felt herself thoroughly attuned to her surroundings. Miss Hillary has spent an ideal summer, her tournee embracing Boulogne, Amiens, Rouen, Paris, Antwerp, Brussels, Cologne, Mayence, Heidelberg, Strasbourg, Switzerland, Carlsruhe, Bayreuth, Dresden and Leipzig. She expects to return to Toronto about September 15.

The Philharmonic Society has issued its annual circular, announcing the resumption of its rehearsals on Tuesday evening, September 20. It announces great success in the matter of applications for membership, over two hundred having been received by the first of the month. The society announces three public concerts, two of which will be orchestral and miscellaneous, and one being choral. The latter will include Sullivan's Golden Legend and Handel's Acis and Galatea, both of which are announced to be sung by the society at the World's Fair.

Similar success is attending the affairs of the Toronto Vocal Society, which begins its rehearsals on Monday evening, September 19. Its roll of members is filling up in the most gratifying manner, many new members with excellent voices being received. The selection of pieces for performance at its first concert is one of pleasing variety and of great musical excellence, and the committee look forward to making this concert one of the best in its history.

Mr. Arthur E. Fisher has been engaged during the summer holidays upon the composition of his cantata, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*. It is for ladies' voices, and is composed especially for performance by Miss Hillary's Ladies' Choral Club, and will be published by Curwen of London, England. I was favored, a few evenings ago, by participating in a reading of the work, and I was surprised—not that my friend Fisher's good work should surprise me—by the excellence of the composition. Mr. Fisher has been most happy in his conception of the spirit of Longfellow's words, and his setting is delightful throughout, and in many places grand. Throughout the whole work he has been so fortunate as to secure a charming spontaneity alike in the vocal work and in the accompaniments. The latter flow in sparkling and beautiful informality. The solos are thoroughly descriptive, and the choruses are strong and musically, yet sweet and elegant withal. I look for a thorough success when Miss Hillary's talented young ladies appear before the public with this latest production of a Canadian pen.

It is not long since I penned a Jeremiad over the absence of current Canadian composition, and I am sure that all who are interested in the development of the higher phases of musical effort in our midst will be pleased to hear that in Mr. Fisher's work the ball has again been set rolling. Probably there are many musicians in Canada who are competent and willing to write in the more ambitious forms of musical art, but who are deterred from doing so by the inability to find vehicles of performance of their efforts. This should give us food for thought. Our societies are very prone to appeal to patriotism—even if it is only local patriotism—for support in their endeavors. This is quite just and proper and no one can find fault with it. Those who have money and taste form a legitimate constituency for our societies to go to, but a little divergence from the often misread rule that charity should begin at home would bear consideration. The Toronto Vocal Society is considering the proposition that it should offer a prize for the best four-part song written by a resident Canadian composer, and it is to be hoped that it will decide favorably. Though only one work may be chosen it would mean a healthy stimulus to the writers of other works, many or all of which might be meritorious and worthy of presentation though not absolutely the best of those offered. This might and should lead to endeavor in a larger and more ambitious field, and such efforts would exert an effect on all who come within the influence of those who aspire to fame and recognition, which cannot be beneficial. Yet fame and recognition are not the only factors which go to make up the composer's incentive. The true composer has a higher spirit than that which seeks material advantages or that of reputation. The creative instinct is a subtler feeling than this. A man watches with joy the development of musical thought which is in him, and his production is a child of love and reverence for his art. Its birth is a joy and gladness to him, even if no eyes but his own ever see it and none but his own ears ever hear it. It is from simple-hearted men of this sort that some of the greatest and highest ornaments of our art have come. For all this, it is better that such efforts should be given to the world that all may share the joy and pleasure of their creators, and progress, so-called, stands still if we must continue to be purely executive and not creative as well. Mr. Fisher and the Ladies' Choral Club have made a noble start; let others follow in their footsteps.

Our clever young townsman, Mr. A. S. Vogt, seemed not so long ago to be in danger of being demented, by those with whom he disagreed in questions of musical art, a sort of musical Samson who was trying to pull down about his ears the temple of musical journalism and the contributors thereto, because he advanced in bold terms the cause of orchestral

music, and according to the views of his detractors started in to wage a crusade against the "oratorio nuisance." He was bombarded in contributions to the daily papers in Toronto, was accounted a heretic of the most dangerous kind in London, and was mildly looked upon as a daff in the United States. In fact, life would have been a burden to him, and he would have had no excuse for continuing to live, had he not been too like Banquo's ghost that "would not down." However, he girded up his loins, shook his mane—no, that won't do, he is too like myself, our manes are gone—and went forth to war with blood in his eye. His war was a gentle one, however, only one of explanation. Victory has perched upon his banners, and his triumphal progress has begun. The Reading Musical News, whose comments upon Mr. Vogt's alleged lunacy were copied with avidity (I am afraid that my tropes are getting mixed) in England, has come out in its last number with an apology to Mr. Vogt upon being shown the letter which called forth all the fury, and now looks upon him as a sane man, and winds up by saying that his letter "contains suggestions of great practical value and worthy of adoption by all our oratorio societies." Seriously speaking, Mr. Vogt was right. That in practice many of those who condemned him were thinkers and workers on the same line, is shown by past programmes of our oratorio societies, and by the efforts now being made to organize a series of orchestral concerts.

Mr. Harry M. Field has returned from Leipzig, where he has spent the past two years in perfecting himself on his chosen instrument. I have heard him play since his return and was highly gratified to see the increase in breadth and power in both interpretation and technique. Mr. Field was always a poetic player. To this charm he now adds that of greater maturity and virility, and the success which lies before him is a pleasing promise to that feeling which looks for advancement as well as recognition in our art among native Canadian talent.

## The Little Nihilist.

A nihilist gathering in a large, dimly lighted room in the Russian capital. It is a strange throng—old men, old women, young men and girls yet in their teens—all wearing a look of earnest expectancy. A black box is passed to each to take the little ball which releases him from duty or compels him to become a murderer. A young girl of seventeen, strikingly beautiful and looking strangely out of place in such an assemblage, places her hand in the box, smiling, and takes one of the little balls. She holds it to the light. A faint shriek comes from her lips, and she almost sinks to the floor.

It is the fatal black-ball! The young girl recovers herself, and advances to the president's table, her mouth set firmly, and takes the sealed envelope he holds out to her, which condemns her to commit murder.

In a faintly furnished boudoir in a palatial residence a light is still burning, though the night is almost spent. At a table sits a beautiful girl with her chin firmly, and takes the sealed envelope he holds out to her, which condemns her to commit murder.

And this is the czar's elected assassin! A cry bursts from her lips: "I cannot! O my God, I cannot!" She remembers—remembers the pauper child of five, trampled in the street by fiery horses—remembers the kindly, fatherly man before whom all men bowed, who took her into his sleigh, which was just passing, and carried her in his own arms to the imperial palace. She remembers that he gave her a home, education, friends, all.

She is a nihilist—but she is grateful. The girl lifts her head and looks about the room. Then she takes a picture—her lover's—from her bosom, and looks at it lingeringly. The light burns low. . . . She rises, takes a little phial, and turns to the couch near at hand. . . . She kneels a moment before a crucifix on the wall, then casts herself on the couch and puts the phial to her lips.

They find her there in the morning, a smile of happiness on her sweet, dead face. The czar never knows—but the angels do.—*Short Stories.*

## An Agnostic.

Mr. Knowells—I am told that he doesn't believe in anything.

Mr. Knowells—How can he? He doesn't know anything.

## Extravagant.

Physician (to dying editor)—My poor friend, I can not conceal the truth from you any longer. You have only half an hour to live.

Editor *Clarion* (feebly)—Doctor, will you please tell the foreman, when I am gone, to place my obituary on the front page, top of column, next to pure news matter? I wonder if I am extravagant in indulging myself in that luxury for once in my life?

## Poor Man!

Professor—What terrible affliction did Homer have?

Pupil—He was a poet, sir.

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105 KING STREET WEST.

### Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

material in the world of fashion, with ribbon girdle, and Irish lace draperies. Mr. Frank Hodgins was best man, and two little children, Chester and Myra Hamilton, were also in attendance on the bride. A concealed orchestra played the Wedding March as Miss Hamilton was led by her father to the drawing-room. After the marriage ceremony and *dejeuner*, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins left for a tour across the lines, where they will reside in future, Mr. Hodgins being pastor of a fine parish in Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia. Among the bridal gifts was a diamond brooch from Mr. Hamilton, a silver coffee service from the parents of the groom, and scores of lovely articles, both rich and artistic, from Miss Hamilton's many friends. Mr. and Mrs. Strong of London, Mr. and Mrs. Brunton of Newmarket and Miss Rose of Welland, were among the guests.

Mrs. Nevill and family, Ontario street, have returned home from the Sand Banks.

Mrs. Hector Lamont, who has been an invalid for several weeks, is now able to be about again.

Cards are out for a dance to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Piper, on Monday next at the Aquatic Association Hall, Center Island.

Mr. James Hennessey, the wealthy book-binder of 739 Broadway, New York City, has been in the city the past week. Mr. Hennessey is accompanied by his wife and family. He leaves for Detroit to visit his uncle, whom he has not seen for forty years.

Miss L. Coxwell, of Fernleigh, Niagara-on-the-Lake, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. James L. Miller of King street, London.

Prof. and Mrs. Cameron, of Toronto University, have taken up house on Borden street.

Mrs. Joseph Watson, Miss Childs and Mr. Harry Pease have returned from a visit at Muskoka, where they were the guests of Miss Eaton of Avenue road.

Mrs. W. R. Pringle has returned from an interesting and pleasant visit at Ottawa, where her husband, Lieut. Pringle, covered himself with glory in the shooting competition.

Mrs. Carveth is spending September at Long Beach.

Dr. Byron E. Ghent of King street east died very suddenly in Montana on Monday last.

Mrs. George Macdonald and family of St. George street have returned from a very pleasant visit to Mrs. Crane at Point Claire. Mrs. Macdonald has removed to a spacious residence on Isabella street, and the east end gains a charming hostess.

The beautiful suburb of East Rosedale is still quite deserted, so many of its fair residents being away for their holidays.

The family of Mr. Henry Darling has been in the Catskills and is expected back soon.

Miss Anna Hamilton of Glen Lodge is at Yoho and her sisters Misses May and Fossie have gone to visit Ottawa friends.

Mrs. Edgar Jarvis has returned from a pleasant visit to the Georgian Bay.

Rev. T. C. and Mrs. Street-Macklem also returned from their beautiful summer residence at Parry Sound, where many Toronto friends had the pleasure of meeting them.

Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy and family have returned from their summer outing.

Miss Kate Holmes of Winnipeg is the guest of Miss Mabel Morrison of Huron street.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stewart have settled in Spokane, Washington.

Colonel G. T. Denison and Mrs. Denison have returned from their Muskoka residence, Heydon Island.

Mr. E. A. H. Haggart of Kingston, Jamaica, was present at the opening of the Exhibition on Tuesday.

A very maternal wedding was that of Mr. A. P. Walker, assistant engineer and surveyor of the C. P. R., and Miss N. Synder of Beamsville. The ceremony took place in the Erskine Presbyterian church, at half-past seven. Mr. Walker was presented with a handsome silver sugar and cream service by his friends in the C. P. R. Mr. and Mrs. Walker left for a honeymoon trip through the eastern states.

A very pleasant lawn party and concert was held yesterday evening at Scarborough in aid of St. Margaret's church. A large number drove out to it from Toronto and had a most enjoyable time.

A merry little bonfire party was given by

Miss Linton of Glenora, Hanlan's Point, last Wednesday evening.

Signor Pierre Delasco arrived in Toronto on Monday last for a short visit to friends.

The engagement of Dr. W. Hamilton Merritt of St. Catharines and Miss Hudson, daughter of the late Judge Hudson of Memphis, Tennessee, is announced. The marriage will take place in October.

Rev. Canon Cayley has returned from a pleasant holiday trip in Muskoka.

Rev. Mr. Louter is in the city and intends remaining a month. He took part in the services at St. George's church last Sunday evening.

Miss Effi Michie has been visiting friends in Sutton for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis of Ottawa have come to Toronto to reside. They have taken a pretty house on Brunswick avenue.

Mr. Charles Stewart of Ottawa is spending a few days in town.

Mrs. Phillips of John street has been staying at Niagara recently.

Miss Lowe of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. R. A. Pyne of Gerrard street.

Mr. and Mrs. MacIntyre of Cecil street have returned from Muskoka, where they spent a few very pleasant weeks.

Miss Moore has been visiting Mrs. Ince of St. George street recently.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Scott have returned from Montreal. Mrs. Scott has gone to Muskoka for September.

The Misses Milligan and Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald and family have returned from Penetanguishene.

Mr. H. Cherry is enjoying a holiday trip.

A jolly fishing and exploring party started off recently for the Saugeen river, County of Bruce. Among the pleasure seekers were: Commodore Kingsmill, R. N., Judge Kingsmill of Huron and Nicol Kingsmill, Q. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Perse are in town for a few weeks, and during their stay here will be the guests of Mr. R. M. Perse of 18 Trillier avenue.

Dr. Baldwin, formerly of Winnipeg, has taken up his residence in Toronto.

Mrs. S. R. Hunter and family have returned to Winnipeg after a month's visit to Toronto.

Miss Jessie Alexander is away on a professional tour to British Columbia.

Rev. E. R. Young of Toronto is visiting in Winnipeg.

Mr. Samuel Scott, sanitary officer, was united in the bonds of matrimony last evening to Miss Lottie Acton, at the residence of the bride's father, 66 Beverley street. The ceremony was performed by brother of the groom, Rev. George Scott of Cookstown. The happy couple left for a tour through the Old Country.

Mrs. H. D. Ellis and Miss Susie Jones returned from Sturgeon Point on Wednesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Ellis left yesterday for North Bay for two weeks' sport.

Miss Smallpiece of 47 Avenue road is visiting friends at Guelph.

Miss May Hughes of Jarvis street has just returned from a pleasant visit to Good Cheer, the beautiful island of Chancellor Boyd in Georgian Bay.

Mrs. Ferrier, Ottawa, is visiting her sister Mrs. R. S. Neville, Ontario street.

Mr. Lancelot Middleton of the general superintendent's department, C. P. R., Toronto leaves by the steamship Mongolian on September 17 for a trip to England.

Miss Kennedy of Beverley street and Miss McClurg of Church street have returned from Asbury Park and New York.

Mrs. Anglin has been receiving at the residence of her mother, Queen street avenue, this week.

Mrs. Proctor of Grenville street has returned home after an extended visit to her daughter at Denver, Colorado.

Miss Capreol of Wellington Place has returned after a five weeks' visit to New York.

Miss L. Patterson has returned from St. Germain, Orillia, where she has spent the summer.

Miss Lucilla King of Barrie is visiting friends in this city.

Mr. H. H. Wood has been spending his holidays at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

The Misses Lockhart, who have been visiting Mrs. J. Crowther at Cobourg, have returned to Chautauque, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

### Academy of Music

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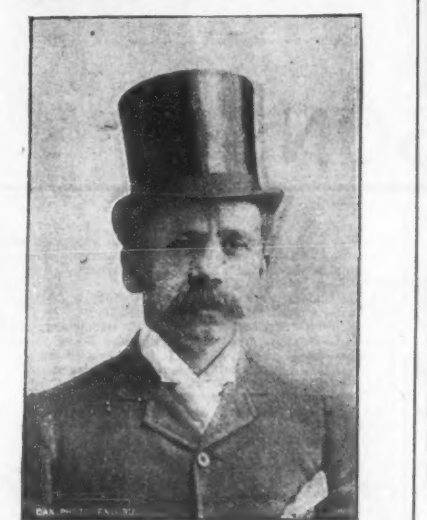
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**LEAVING GENOA NOVEMBER 9th**

allowing 30 days in Italy, October and November, two finest months in year, to visit Italy. The excursionists will arrive in time to see the great activities that "Genoa, la Superba" celebrates in honor of her son, Christopher Columbus, in commemoration of the

**400th Anniversary of the Discovery of America**

And the Italo-American Exhibition which closes in December. Chevalier A. M. F. Gianelli, who will accompany the party, has made arrangements that will result in making this excursion through Italy the most complete which has ever been organized on this side of the Atlantic.

A limited number of cabins have been secured for this excursion and will be kept on reserve up to the 30th of this month. Return tickets will be valid on any steamers of the North German Lloyd, via Southampton.

Price of return ticket, including first-class cabin passage and railway fares, first-class hotels, guides, carriages, etc., etc., \$450.

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4. Rail to Ottawa, Boat to Montreal, return all rail..... 10.50

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### The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

#### Births

DAVIS—At 71 Van Sittart avenue, Woodstock, Saturday, September 3, Mrs. Wm. Mahlon Davis—a daughter, still born.  
ARTHUR—August 24, Mrs. E. C. Arthur—a son.  
AIRD—September 2, Mrs. John Aird—a son.  
TYTLE—August 20, Mrs. W. Tytle—a daughter.  
GOODEHAM—August 20, Mrs. W. G. Goodeham—a daughter.  
ROBERTSON—August 25, Mrs. David Robertson—a son.  
WALLACE—September 1, Mrs. Edwin W. Wallace—a daughter.  
BRITNELL—September 3, Mrs. Albert Britnell—a son.  
DOAN—August 31, Mrs. A. K. Doan—a son.  
JOHNSTON—September 5, Mrs. David Johnston—a son.  
COLEMAN—September 6, Mrs. E. C. Coleman—a daughter.  
WILLSON—September 2, Mrs. Alfred Willson—a daughter.  
THOMPSON—September 1, Mrs. David Thompson—a daughter.

#### Marriages

PRESTON-FITZGERALD—At Millbrook, on August 30, 1892, John A. V. Preston to Charlotte M. Fitzgerald.  
HODGINS-HAMILTON—September 6, James C. Hodgins to Henrietta E. Hamilton.  
FORREST-MORRIS—August 17, Charles Forrest to Edith Morris.  
HIDES-MOORE—September 1, Henry Hider to Mary Moore.  
MUIR-BRUNSKILL—September 1, T. J. Muir to Annie F. Brunskill.  
MCINTOSH-RUTHERFORD—August 31, Thomas McIntosh to Margaret Rutheford.  
NICHOLLS-MCDOWELL—August 17, T. C. Nicholls to Caro McDowell.  
TAYLOR-FRIEDRICH—September 1, W. J. Taylor to Dora Friedrich.  
MANN-WRONG—September 1, E. H. Mann to Georgie Wrong.  
REID-DUNCAN—September 2, Rev. H. E. Reid to Nellie Duncan.  
PORTER-MOIR—August 23, George Porter to Agnes Moir.  
DENNISTOWN-BECK—September 6, Robert Maxwell Dennistown to Mary Mildred Louise Beck.  
BOYD-BROOKS—September 6, Walter Griffith Edward Boyd to Mabel Constance Brooks.  
GILRAY-GROFF—September 1, Thomas Gilray to Beatrice Groff.  
MCKIE-SCOTT—August 31, Robert McKie to Margaret D. Scott.  
ARGLES-ELLIOTT—September 2, Kenneth Edward Argles to Alice Elliott.  
MACGREGOR-JUNKIN—September 1, Albert J. Macgregor to Mary Junkin.  
HOOPER-EDDIS—August 30, Henry Charles Lewis Hooper to Emily Constance Eddis.  
MACARTNEY-MCDOWELL—August 31, Robert D. Macartney to A. L. McDowell.  
STUCKEY-WOODLAND—August 31, Herbert Stuckey to Mary Woodland.  
MCKENROUGH-STEWART—September 7, William McKenrough to Mabel Stewart.

### Deaths.

DELMAGE—At the residence of Mr. S. J. Sharp, 44 Brunswick avenue, September 5, Mrs. Catharine Delmage, grandmother of Mrs. Sharp, aged 87 years.  
HEBON—September 2, Hannah Hebon.  
MCALLUM—September 2, Peter McCallum, aged 87.  
SALTER—August 31, Richard Emrio Salter.  
STEVENSON—September 6, Walter M. Stevenson, aged 17.  
BISSELL—September 6, Maggie Blanche Bissell, aged 17.  
GAINES—September 6, Minnie L. Gaines, aged 28.  
MARWOOD—September 5, Rachel Marwood, aged 56.  
GHENT—September 2, Dr. B. E. Ghent.  
JONES—September 5, Mary Hattie Jones, aged 19.  
FAWCETT—September 5, Annie M. Fawcett, aged 63.  
MCPIERSON—August 30, James Burnside McPierson.  
KNOX—August 31, Andrew Wright Knox, aged 60.  
PARKES—August 30, Robert Parkes, aged 61.  
RICHARDSON—August 31, Mary A. Richardson, aged 70.  
HALLOWELL—August 29, Helen L. G. Hallowell, aged 1.  
LAWRENCE—August 30, Robert M. Lawrence, aged 36.  
FENNELL—September 3, Josiah Fennell, aged 63.

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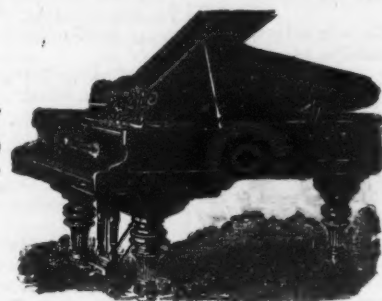
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